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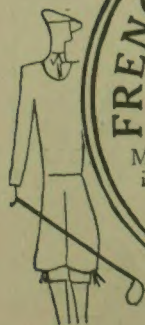
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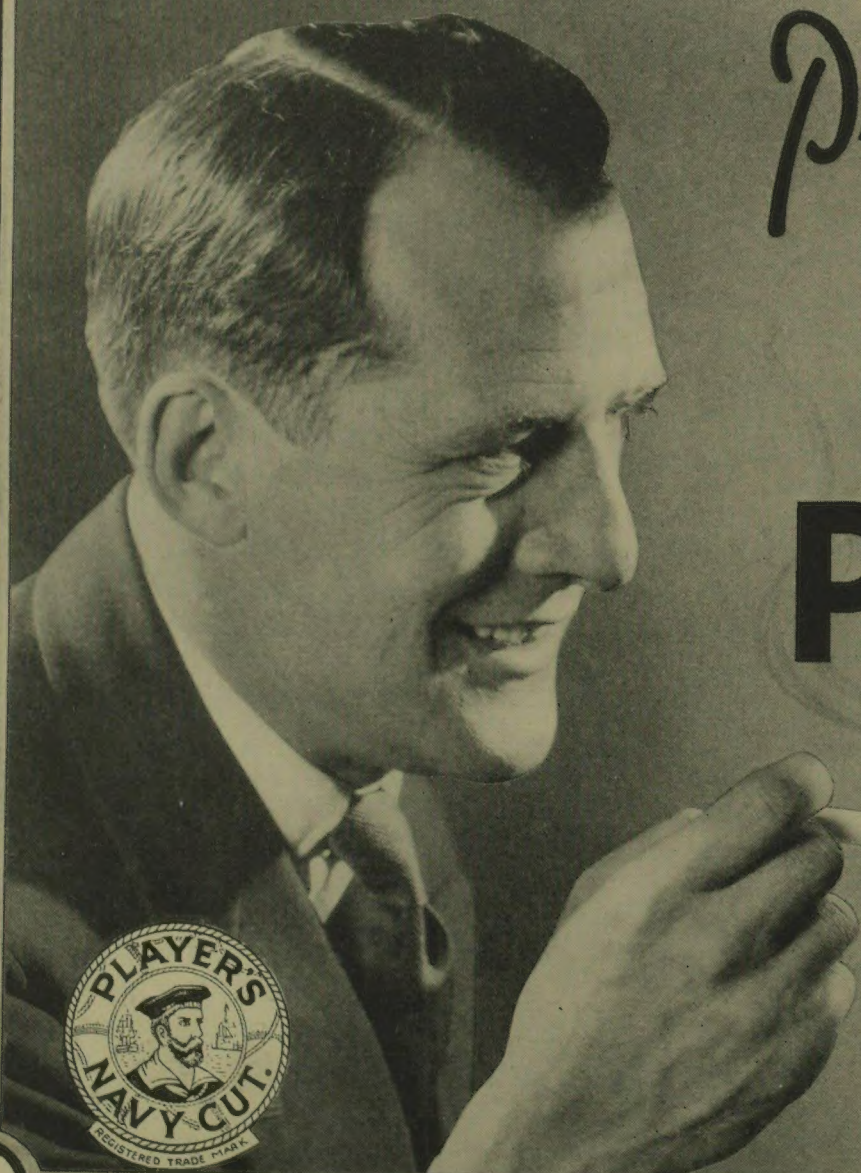
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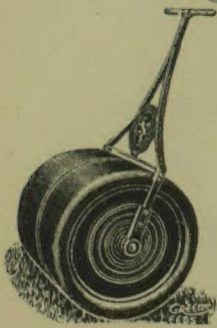
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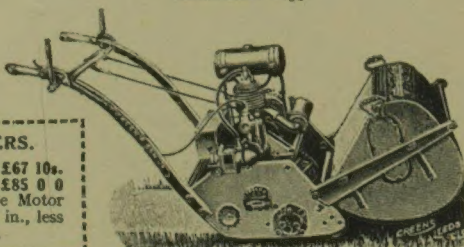
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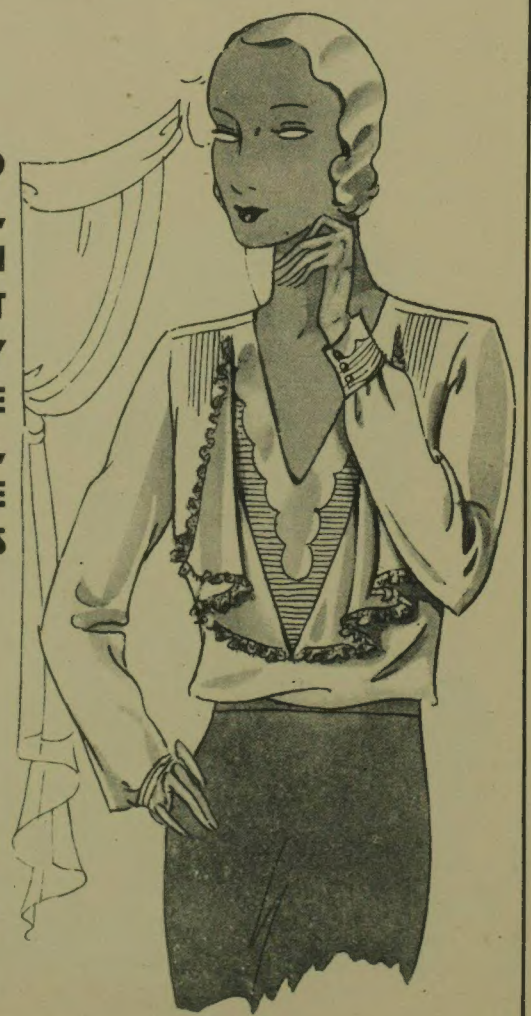
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SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1931.



SIX WEEKS UNDER THE SNOW: RESCUING MR. COURTAULD FROM HIS LONG "ENTOMBMENT" IN GREENLAND—MR. WATKINS CUTTING A HOLE DOWN TO THE BURIED TENT, SHOWING (LEFT) THE TOP OF THE VENTILATOR SHAFT.

Here, and on four other pages, we illustrate Mr. Augustine Courtauld's thrilling story of his experiences at the Greenland Ice Cap Station of the British Arctic Air Route Expedition, where he spent the winter alone (from December 6 until he was rescued on May 5), and since March 21 had been completely "entombed" under the snow that covered his quarters. The above photograph was taken just after the second, and successful, relief party reached the spot. It shows Mr. H. G. Watkins, the leader of the expedition, clearing away snow from the buried

tent to release Mr. Courtauld, with whom he talked through the ventilator shaft, seen protruding above the snow just to the left. "The voice from below our feet," says Mr. Watkins, in the "Times," "sounded as if he were well and happy. He had been blocked-in by drift snow, and for six weeks he had been unable to get out of the house. We soon dug through the roof, and were shaking hands with him. He was very pleased to see us, for he had been alone for five months. Courtauld had plenty of food, but for a long time he had been deprived of light."

THE RESCUE OF MR. COURTAULD—"BURIED" UNDER GREENLAND SNOW.



THE ICE-CAP STATION AS THE RESCUERS FOUND IT, WITH MR. COURTAULD STILL IN THE TENT BURIED UNDER SNOW, FROM WHICH HE HAD NOT BEEN ABLE TO EMERGE FOR SIX WEEKS: THE SCENE ON ARRIVAL OF THE RELIEF PARTY, WITH ONLY THE FLAG-STAFF AND THE TOP OF THE VENTILATOR-SHAFT APPEARING ABOVE THE SURFACE.



"HOORAY! HOW ARE YOU? HERE WE ARE TO DIG YOU OUT": MR. H. G. WATKINS, THE LEADER OF THE BRITISH EXPEDITION AND OF THE RESCUERS, TALKING TO MR. COURTAULD THROUGH THE VENTILATOR-SHAFT INTO THE TENT UNDERNEATH THE SNOW, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF THE RELIEF PARTY AT THE ICE-CAP STATION IN CENTRAL GREENLAND.

Mr. Augustine Courtauld began his lonely vigil at the Ice-Cap Station of the British Arctic Air Route Expedition in Greenland on December 6. On January 4, snow-drifts "filled the entrance beyond hope of excavation," but he got out by cutting a hole in the roof of a snow house. On March 18, this exit was blocked by snow, and so was another hole he made. "This cut off my last exit," he writes, in an extraordinarily interesting article in the "Times," "and from March 21 I was completely snowed up. There was no danger in this, but . . . when the last candle was finished I had to lie in the dark. . . . At last, on May 5, I was startled by a scuffling, followed by faint yelling sounds like a distant football

match. Then distinctly I heard 'Hooray! How are you? Here we are to dig you out.' It was for me a very wonderful moment, but the greatest relief was to hear that nobody had come to grief in trying to get to me." Mr. H. G. Watkins, describing the rescue, says: "At last, half a mile off, we saw the remains of the Union Jack sticking out of the ground. We gave a loud cheer and raced towards the station. Then we arrived, and for the first time I was really frightened. The house was completely buried, so that we ski-ed straight over the roof. Only the ventilator was sticking out above the snow. We called out, and to our joy Courtauld answered."

AN AIRMAN'S "FINE EFFORT": CAPTAIN AHRENBURG'S RESCUE FLIGHT.



CAPTAIN AHRENBURG'S FLIGHT OVER THE GREENLAND ICE-CAP IN SEARCH OF MR. COURTAULD (SEEN BELOW WAVING):
THE SWEDISH AIRMAN FINDS HIM RESCUED BY THE SLEDGE PARTY UNDER MR. WATKINS.

It will be recalled that anxiety was caused by the failure of the first relief party to find Mr. Courtauld, and the well-known Swedish airman, Captain Ahrenberg, was invited to help in the search. He flew to Greenland, *via* Iceland, with great promptitude. On his second flight over the ice plateau, his observer, Flight-Lieut. D'Aeth, "saw four men" trudging with their sledges through the snow, "and knew that all was well"—it was the second relief party of three accompanied by Mr. Courtauld. Captain Ahrenberg dropped supplies of food for them. His aeroplane took back to Iceland the reports written by Mr. Courtauld and Mr. H. G. Watkins together with the first photographs of the expedition (including those here reproduced). On his return to Stockholm, the airman received a great public

welcome, with medals and promotion, and was thanked by the Government for adding to the records of Swedish aviation by "flying over ice and sea to help a comrade in distress." In a tribute to his work, Mr. Watkins writes (in the "Times"): "The flight was a great personal achievement for Captain Ahrenberg and his crew, and a fine demonstration of the adaptability of modern aircraft. . . . Immediately after his arrival he flew straight into the ice-cap a distance of 130 miles . . . Flying over the ice-cap is difficult and dangerous for single-engine aircraft. . . . After his fine effort it is a pity Ahrenberg was unable to do more. He left for Reykjavik with our very best wishes and thanks. During his short stay he made us all his firm friends, as did his crew."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MANY are complaining of the cliques in the literary world; and they are right for a particular reason, though I am not sure that they know it. The discontent, like so many of the present discontents, has a certain disadvantage; that it does not distinguish between the normal nuisances of human life and the special nuisances of modern life. Under no conditions should we all be equally in touch with each other, or distributing dispassionate justice to every human being like a Day of Judgment. It is natural for men to belong to a club, as it is natural for other men who do not belong to a club to call it a clique; and a great deal of what is called log-rolling is as easy as falling off a log. I have generally found that it was precisely because a man was generously and enthusiastically rolling the log of a friend that he complained so bitterly of the log-rolling among his enemies. But I am not forbidden to find that a writer is intelligent, even if he is my friend. I am permitted, perhaps, the vanity of supposing that he is my friend because he is intelligent; or at least that he became my friend partly because I thought he was intelligent. The relation is obviously open to abuse; and the method which I myself have always chosen is to praise the merit of a friend's public work as warmly as I felt inclined, but always to mention the private friendship as well as the public merit. Then anybody is free to discount it, if he thinks it ought to be discounted. But there is another and more neglected evil in the clique; in the club that cultivates some special variety in culture. The artists of such a group have a tendency not only to talk shop, but to talk workshop. They talk more about methods of production than about products of perfection. Like talkative art-students, they show each other their work before it is finished; and, like lazy art-students, they often find this an excellent excuse for not finishing it at all.

Perfect work is for the world; yes, for the stupid world. Imperfect work is for the class, for the club, for the clique; in a word, for the sympathisers. We show our worst efforts to the intelligent; we reserve our best efforts for the dull—that is, for the supreme and sacred duty of all creative expression; that of being sufficiently pointed to pierce at last even the mind of the dull. For, whatever be the nature of creation, it is certainly of the nature of translation; it is translating something from the dumb alphabet and dim infantile secret language in our own souls into the totally different public language that we talk with our tongues. If that translation were perfect, if the ideas and idioms did really correspond correctly, it would all be as plain to the man in the street as to the man in the club. It certainly would not be necessary to show it in fragmentary hints to the man in the clique. But because our expression is imperfect we need friendship to fill up the imperfections. A man of our own type or tastes will understand our meaning before it is expressed; certainly a long time before it is perfectly expressed. Thus we rather tend to lose the old idea that it is the business of the author to explain himself. We

tend to adopt the idea that it is the business of the clique to understand the author; and even to explain the author, when he refuses to explain himself.

A famous æsthete of the 'nineties said that the poet who was admired by poets must be the greatest of poets. I will take the liberty to doubt it. I fancy that in such a case the poets are in fact collaborating with the poet. The beauty they behold in his work is partly their work as well as his. Just as the poets may see more than others see in every bush or cloud, so they may see more than others see in every epithet or metaphor. Above all, if they are poets of his own particular school of poetry, they will guess something of what he means by the queerest epithet or the maddest metaphor. But it does not follow that those words are the full and

translated into English. It has ended in a time when nobody dares to demand that English poets should be translated into English. It has ended in a new race of pedants who are only too proud of reading the poet in the original, and merely murmur as they read, in a tantalising fashion, that the original is so very original.

This is the paradox of the clique; that it consists of those who understand something and do not wish it to be understood; do not really wish it to be understandable. But such a group must in its nature be small, and its tendency is to make the range or realm of culture smaller. It consists of those who happen to be near enough to some unique or perverse mentality to guess that a man means something that as yet he cannot really say; just as a detective might be legitimately proud of having extracted some sort of valuable evidence from a lunatic who was deaf and dumb. But this does not make for the enlargement of the poet's power of expression or of the public's power of appreciation. The ideal condition is that the poet should put his meaning more and more into the language of the people, and that the people should enjoy more and more of the meaning of the poet. That is true popular education; and, if we really possessed that sort, we should hardly need any other. One party in the quarrel will insist that the public ought to take more trouble to understand the poet; and so it ought. But the other party can answer that the poet should take more trouble to finish his poems; and so he should. It is not a question of petty or conventional or finicking finish. It is a question of not leaving three-quarters of the poem inside the poet, with the rest of it hanging out, generally tail-foremost.

At present, even good poets often do not write good poems, but rather notes for poems. They think it enough to record, as in a sort of disjointed diary, that they *did* feel a sense of poignant futility on seeing an old hat on

a deserted hat-peg or an indescribable surge of rebellion on observing a broken vase in a suburban dust-bin. And then comes the sympathetic critic, saying, no doubt quite truly, that he can imagine a man shuddering at the hat-peg or shedding tears into the dust-bin. But that is only saying that one individual can imagine the imagination. It is not completely communicating the imagination by means of the image. I am far from denying that a great poet might achieve a great turn of style, which would make something sublime out of a hat-peg or a dust-bin, as Shakespeare did out of a bodkin or a bung-hole. But if such passages be examined, it will be found that nowhere did the great poet study the grand style more subtly than when dealing with such mean objects. Anyhow, he did not merely mention the mean objects, and then mention that they had filled him with feelings indescribable. He set out seriously to describe the indescribable. That is the whole business of literature, and it is a hard row to hoe.



THE BRITISH GREENLAND EXPLORER "BURIED" UNDER SNOW FOR SIX WEEKS, AND HIS RESCUERS: THE PARTY JUST AFTER ARRIVAL AT THE BASE CAMP—(L. TO R.) MR. RYMILL, MR. H. G. WATKINS, MR. AUGUSTINE COURTAULD, AND MR. CHAPMAN.

As noted in connection with illustrations on the three preceding pages, Mr. Augustine Courtauld, of the British Arctic Air Route Expedition, volunteered last December to remain alone through the winter at the meteorological post in the interior of Greenland. The first relief party (in March-April) having failed to find him, a second search party started from the base on April 20, under Mr. H. G. Watkins, leader of the Expedition, accompanied by Mr. Rymill and Mr. Chapman. They located the Ice Cap Station, which was completely buried under snow, except for the flag-staff and the top of a ventilator shaft, on May 5, and Mr. Courtauld was dug out from the snow-house in which he had lived for five months and for the last six weeks had been a prisoner—towards the end, in almost total darkness. He was, however, safe and well. They brought him back to the base by sledge in five days, arriving on May 11.

perfect expression of what he means; if they were, they probably would not seem mad or even queer. In short, the poet has not really travelled the whole of his pilgrimage from Paradise to Putney (with apologies to the ghost of Swinburne); an embassy of select and fastidious souls of Putney has gone out and met him halfway. He has not performed the full literary function of translating living thoughts into literature. He still needs an interpreter; and a crowd of interpreters has officiously rushed between the poet and the public. The crowd is the clique; and it does do a certain amount of harm, I think, by thus intercepting the true process of the perfecting of human expression. It is not wrong because it encourages the great man to talk. It is wrong because it actually discourages the great man from talking plain. The priests and priestesses of the temple take a pride in the oracle remaining oracular. That vast but vague revolution that we call the modern world largely began about the time when men demanded that the Scriptures should be

RESCUING A SIX-WEEKS-"BURIED" EXPLORER FROM GREENLAND SNOW.



A WELCOME "WINDFALL": MR. WATKINS (CENTRE) AND MR. RYMILL (LEFT) BOTH ON SKI, READING LETTERS DROPPED BY THE SWEDISH AIRMAN, CAPTAIN AHRENBORG, DURING THEIR RETURN SLEDGE JOURNEY AFTER RESCUING MR. COURTAULD (RIGHT).



MR. AUGUSTINE COURTAULD IMMEDIATELY AFTER EMERGING FROM THE ROOF OF THE TENT IN WHICH HE HAD BEEN IMPRISONED SIX WEEKS: (BEHIND HIM) MR. RYMILL, OF THE RELIEF PARTY, IN THE HOLE DUG ABOVE THE BURIED TENT.

It is interesting to compare the above photograph of the Greenland Ice-Cap Station of the British Arctic Air Route Expedition, as it was before Mr. Courtauld went into solitary winter quarters there last December, with the photographs (on page 950) showing the scene as the relief party found it on May 5, with nothing visible above the snow except the Union Jack on its staff and the top of the ventilator-shaft. Describing the Station, when he first occupied it, Mr. Courtauld writes (in the "Times"): "My home for the next five months consisted of a circular, dome-shaped tent, 10 ft. in diameter, with double walls. It was covered with a snow house, and through the top protruded a metal ventilator about 2 in. across.



AS IT WAS BEFORE MR. COURTAULD ENTERED IT LAST DECEMBER: THE ICE-CAP STATION—METEOROLOGICAL APPARATUS, TENTS, AND THE VENTILATOR-SHAFT WHICH, WITH THE FLAG-STAFF, WAS ALL THE RELIEF PARTY FOUND ABOVE GROUND.



MR. AUGUSTINE COURTAULD AFTER BEING BROUGHT TO THE EXPEDITION'S BASE: THE RESCUED EXPLORER ENJOYING A CIGAR—A LUXURY THE MORE WELCOME AS HIS SUPPLIES OF TOBACCO GAVE OUT DURING HIS "IMPRISONMENT" UNDER THE SNOW.

To get in, one dived down a tunnel and, after going along a 12-ft. passage, came up into the tent through a square hole in the floor. From this passage two side passages had been cut out leading into two smaller snow houses, one on each side, used as store-houses. The whole was enclosed by an 8-ft. wall of snow, from which flew the Union Jack. Close by, outside the 'ramparts,' as we called this wall, were the meteorological instruments, which were read every three hours. I had plenty to eat and drink, an excellent supply of classical and other literature, good tobacco, and a fine lamp to read by." Later, however, when he had become immured under the snow, his tobacco gave out.

THE VOICE OF THE TAX-PAYER.

By A. A. B.

II.—THE MIDDLE CLASSES MUST COMBINE.

JUST before the last General Election there was published by the Conservative Central Office a leaflet entitled "From the Cradle to Old Age," which excited a good deal of hostile comment from Mr. Lloyd George and other economists. The censure was deserved, in my opinion, for the pamphlet contained this pregnant sentence: "From the time when he is born until his declining years, the worker is protected and helped on his way by the State under Acts of Parliament"; and on other pages the items of this State protection are set forth. They are as follows: In infancy, by maternity and child welfare services; in childhood, by free education, school medical attendance, allowances for widows' children, pensions for orphans (it is proposed now to pay the children for an extra year's attendance at school); in manhood, factory and mines Acts, health sanitation inspectors provided, health and unemployment insurance, widows' pensions, house-rent fixed and subsidised out of public money; in old age, pensions at sixty-five, without inquiry as to means. From this list it will be seen that "the worker" is attended by State assistance from the cradle to the grave. The question is, who is the worker thus favoured? They are the manual workers; those who come under the Health and Unemployment Insurance Acts, and whose wages run from £2 to £10 a week, the latter figure being earned by the very skilled artisans.

As we know from official returns that the number of people who pay income tax is 2,220,000, and that the number of people with over £500 a year is about 570,000, it is obvious that the vast majority of men and women are living on incomes of between £2 and £10 a week. About three-quarters of this majority are manual workers; and the others are clerks, shop assistants, lodging-house keepers, typists, small tradesmen, people living on rents and interest, actors, artists, etc. In a word, all those with limited means whom we speak of as the middle class. Where this class ends it is difficult to say, and, of course, it extends far beyond the five-hundred-a-yearers. In present conditions, the people with incomes running from £500 up to £1500 have a very hard struggle. They cannot go to their daily work in "slacks"; they must wear neat suits; they must pay their own doctors' bills and the school bills for their boys and girls; and nobody helps them with their rent.

To be guaranteed against the worries of insecurity is a very nice thing and a very natural desire, but the desire is not confined to those who work with their hands. Insecurity haunts the landowner with farms unlet and falling rents. Insecurity creeps steadily on towards the shareholder, who is depressed by shrinking dividends and the unsaleability of what are facetiously called gilt-edged securities. But no one who has not seen it can realise the keen and pitiless persistency with which the demon of insecurity pursues the days of the professional man,

Doctors miss patients, barristers and stockbrokers lose clients, and they dare not complain; they must studiously conceal the fact, for its publication would only accelerate their ruin. In Ibsen's "Master Builder" there is a picture of the terror and loathing with which middle-aged and elderly professional men regard the generation that is rising behind them and treading on their heels. Nor is the picture overdrawn, for the worry of insecurity—except in the case of a few hundred very rich men and several thousand higher Civil servants—is, for the greater

about an eighth of the cost is supplied by the recipients of State help; while a large number pay nothing, and yet claim this assistance as a right.

The citizen, thus corrupted, is not entirely to blame either; for the money is thrust upon him by rival political parties, who thus try to buy his vote out of the pockets of the taxpayers. Luckily, a considerable section of the manual workers see through the interested motives of their leaders, and use the ballot to vote against them. How to finance an extravagant King and his hungry courtiers was for very many generations the difficulty of English Government. But the mistresses of the Stuarts and the pensioners of the Guelphs were a flea-bite to the demands of Social Democracy.

The rich upper class are severely pillaged by the trade unions, who, ruling as they do the Government, have transferred to their shoulders the burthen of providing for their unemployed members. But the middle classes are still more oppressed, because their margin is smaller, and their means of influencing public opinion through the Press and Parliament are smaller than the upper and lower sections of society. They do not own cinemas or newspapers, powerful instruments of propaganda; nor do they pay clever young men to represent them in the House of Commons. Why don't they? The middle classes are powerless and oppressed because they can't, or don't, combine. Look what the trade unions have done by combination for the manual workers! They have doubled their wages and halved their hours in the last thirty years by combining to elect and support Members of Parliament. They have got fixed a standard of living which, considering the State gifts above enumerated, is really more luxurious and liberal than that of the clerical class above them. An artisan on £5 or £6 a week has more money to spend on the pictures, on football matches, and on holiday trips than a clerk with the same income. In 1900 there were two Labour M.P.s. To-day there are 287. All this has

been effected by combination. Why can't the middle classes combine? Why cannot the middle classes combine to strike against the payment of exorbitant rates and income taxes, used to supply able-bodied men and women with comforts which they ought to find for themselves?

One reason is because the middle-class man cannot go to prison. I admit that; and another reason is that the middle classes are divided into so many different sections, with different cultural planes and different material objects, that combination is very difficult. What, for instance, have the clergyman and the city clerk, the solicitor and the salesman, got in common? Still, unless and until the middle classes do combine to counter the trade unionists and the Communists, they will continue to be over-taxed for the benefit of manual labour.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive also photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

When illustrations are submitted, each subject sent should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

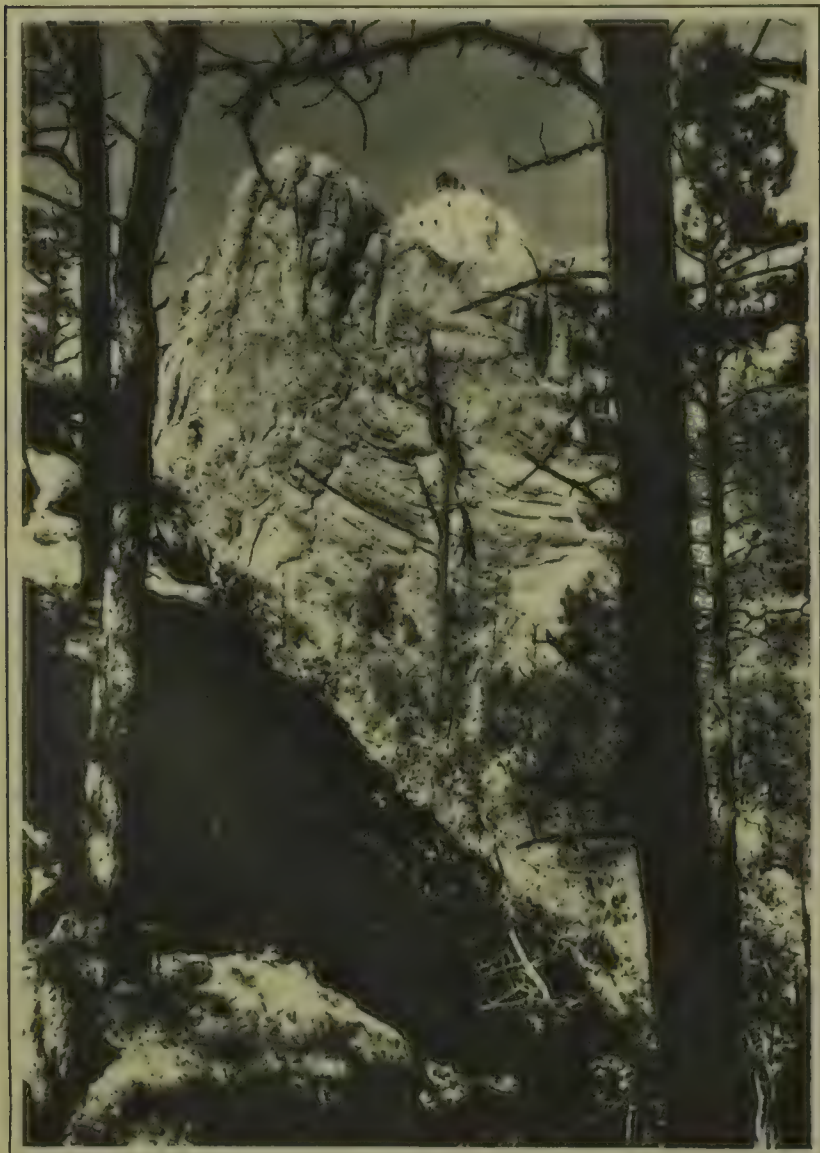
part of every man's life, the most universal and the most poignant of all the troubles to which he is subject. The desire to guarantee himself and his family against that anxiety is the strongest of the motives which impel a man to overcome his congenital indolence and incontinence. The struggle to secure that guarantee is the healthiest and the noblest part of life, as success in securing it is the fitting crown of the man who has done his duty. But to be guaranteed against the common trials of humanity by a forced levy on other people is the last resource of a lazy and corrupt citizen. For be it observed that there is not an item in the above catalogue of State-supplied advantages that was not twenty years ago regarded as the duty of a responsible and respectable head of a family. Let it also be remembered that, in the case of those who pay their contributions under the Health and Insurance Acts,

60-FT.-HIGH GRANITE HEADS CARVED ON A MOUNTAIN-TOP: U.S.A. COLOSSI.



THE INITIAL STAGES IN THE CUTTING OF ONE OF THE COLOSSAL GRANITE HEADS ON MOUNT RUSHMORE: THE NOSE OF "WASHINGTON"; SHOWING DRILL-HOLES USED IN BLASTING AWAY THE SOLID ROCK TO OBTAIN A ROUGH OUTLINE.

THE FINAL
STAGE IN THE
CUTTING OF ONE
OF THE COLOSSAL
GRANITE HEADS
ON MOUNT
RUSHMORE:
THE FACE OF
"WASHINGTON"—
SIXTY FEET
HIGH FROM
CHIN TO
FOREHEAD—
AFTER BEING
FINISHED AND
SMOOTHED DOWN
BY MANUAL
LABOUR; WITH
SCULPTORS
EXAMINING
THE NOSE.



THE GREAT SIZE OF THE MEMORIAL INDICATED BY THE MEN AT WORK ON THE FACE OF "JEFFERSON" AND THE WINCH-HOUSE ABOVE: HUGE HEADS ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT RUSHMORE—"WASHINGTON" IN THE CENTRE.

The Mount Rushmore National Monument, in the Black Hills, South Dakota, which is now in the making, and was touched upon in our issue of last week, is to comprise a heroic group of four great Americans—Jefferson, Washington, Lincoln, and Roosevelt—and will commemorate the founding, expansion, preservation, and unification of the United States. A commemorative entablature will bear an account of American history from 1776 to 1904; and this will be 90 ft. wide and 120 ft. high. Rushmore Mountain itself is a prominent peak of the Harvey Range—a granite upthrust making a sheer precipice of over 300 ft.—below which the mountain gradually slopes. Each figure of the memorial group which is being



AN IDEA OF THE FINAL APPEARANCE OF THE MEMORIAL ON MOUNT RUSHMORE: A MODEL OF THREE OF THE COLOSSAL HEADS—(L. TO R.) JEFFERSON, WASHINGTON, AND LINCOLN—WITH MR. GUTZON BORGLUM, THE DESIGNER AND SCULPTOR.

carved there is in the proportion of a man 465 ft. high, fading into the ledge at the waist. The tops of the heads are upon the skyline. The work was begun and the mountain dedicated to the memorial by President Coolidge in 1927. The heads of Washington and Jefferson are now clearly apparent, as our illustrations show. The technique evolved by Mr. Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, consists in first "roughing out"—by drilling and blasting away the granite to obtain the rough outline of the features; labour followed by a finishing process of greater delicacy performed by hand. The workmen are suspended over the side of the precipice in heavy steel and leather harness.

LONDON OF THE FUTURE: A CENTRAL AIRPORT.

A GREAT SCHEME FOR AN OVERHEAD AERODROME IN THE HEART OF LONDON: "AN INEVITABLE DEVELOPMENT OF CIVIL AVIATION."

By CHARLES W. GLOVER. (See Illustrations on the opposite page.)

"There be three things which make a nation great and prosperous: a fertile soil, busy workshops, and easy conveyance of men and commodities from place to place."—FRANCIS BACON.

CONSIDERABLE interest is being shown in an ingenious design for a central London Airport, a model of which will be exhibited at the Institution of Civil Engineers conversazione on June 10, and illustrations of which are reproduced herewith.

The advent of the ox-cart saw the widening of foot-paths into cart tracks, later developed into good roads with the introduction of mechanical transport. The development of shipping necessitated the construction of harbours and docks, and the enormous development of rail transport has only been rendered economically possible by the construction of termini in the heart of great cities. There is no question that the establishment of an airport in the middle of the Metropolis will be an inevitable development of civil aviation.

The position of this country makes it the focus of oceanic air services, and London is the logical centre for our aerial activities. It cannot be disputed that the development of aviation and the opening up of the Imperial Air Routes is establishing rapid and intimate contact between all sections of the British Commonwealth of Nations. International communication by air has made rapid progress, and is contributing much to the fostering of peace and mutual understanding throughout the world.

Excellent as Croydon is as an aerodrome, it is inconveniently situated for the distribution of passengers, goods, and mails to central London, and with the growth of commercial and private flying, a large central airport has become a necessity. The run from the City to the Croydon Air Station adds forty minutes to the air routes to the Continent, and, moreover, double handling of mails and goods is necessitated by the use of this station. A central airport would not only contribute to the rapid development of regular aerial transport, but would be a boon to the ever-increasing number of owners of light aeroplanes.

City men particularly would be encouraged to use private aircraft to fly to and from business, especially if "garage" and service facilities were made available at the airport. After a very careful survey of possible sites in London, that over the sidings at King's Cross and St. Pancras has been selected as the only suitable site for the development proposed.

CAPITAL COST.

The estimated capital cost of the scheme outlined below amounts to £5,000,000, but the promoters claim that, by sectionalising the work, each successive development would not only be amply justified under modern conditions, but could be made revenue-earning and economically self-supporting. When fully established, the central airport, together with its associated activities, would show a revenue of £375,000, or 7½ per cent. on the total capital involved. The first section of the scheme deals with the remodelling of the railway goods depot, and the provision of increased warehouse accommodation with adequate means for the rapid handling of goods.

In order to cope with present-day requirements, and to compete with long-distance road transportation, there is a general tendency for the railway companies to undertake extensive collection and distribution of goods with road vehicles, and a new service of railhead distribution has been found to be necessary. Most of the goods yards adjacent to the London termini are not suitable for the rapid transfer of goods from the railway truck to the road vehicle; in fact, the increasing use of the latter calls for the remodelling of the large railway goods yards and an increase of road mileage adjacent to the sidings.

The development described hereafter involves, *inter alia*, the replanning of the goods yard at King's Cross and St. Pancras, and the construction of large multi-storey warehouses, arranged in such a way as to be suitable for the support of the overhead concrete runways of the airport. The proposals involve the construction of paved roadways arranged fan-wise between the railway tracks,

which would be opened out sufficiently to receive them. The suggested arrangement is indicated on the accompanying small-scale map (Fig. 1), and a typical arrangement of a warehouse with its covered loading platforms and overhead electric travelling pulley blocks is shown in Fig. 3 on the opposite page.

The buildings which it would be necessary to construct for the support of the runways of the airport would provide in all seventy-five acres of floor space, which would also be suitable for factory accommodation and cold stores for the housing of perishable produce. In this connection it has been suggested that the site is an ideal one for the accommodation of the whole of the market at Covent Garden, which could be transferred to it.

The scheme also includes the provision of a long-distance

station, shown on the drawing (Fig. 5) as Building No. 1B. The traffic into the terminus would go northwards along York Road, and would depart from the terminus southwards into the City down the new avenue.

There is likewise provision of a large public garage for motor-cars. It is suggested that a special building be arranged as a multi-storey public garage which would be capable of handling twenty-five cars per minute, with a total capacity for 300 cars.

Another section of the scheme concerns the clearance of slums and the rehousing of the population of cleared areas. In the proposed developments, much clearance of dilapidated small house property would become necessary; but the housing of the populace of the cleared areas would be provided for in tenement buildings, each containing four-room flats. It would further be arranged to construct a new road connection with the object of improving road conditions. The development proposed at King's Cross may be regarded as of national importance, and the construction of an avenue approaching the main portion of the air station would be desirable from many points of view.

This avenue is shown on the map (Fig. 1) as "Aerial Way," which would join the Pentonville Road to the main concourse in front of the airport. This plan would provide a loopway for the motor-buses, which would pass down the avenue towards the City from the terminus established in front of the airport, the idea being, as far as the omnibuses are concerned, to establish one-way traffic. The traffic routes are indicated on the map. The final stage of the scheme involves the establishment of a central airport conveniently linking up road, rail, water, underground, and air transportation. The design of the proposed airport has been prepared by Messrs. C. W. Glover and Partners, consulting engineers and architects, of Westminster; and Mr. J. Stanley Wright, of Leeds, has collaborated with them on the architectural treatment of the warehouses and terminal stations.

As will be seen from the plan (Fig. 4) and the photograph of the perspective drawing (Fig. 2), the airport consists essentially of a series of elevated intersecting runways arranged so as to enable aeroplanes to take off and land in any direction of wind. The ends of the runways are connected by a peripheral taxiway, with accommodation for the parking of planes and affording interconnection between the several runways. This arrangement provides for a landing ground of 126 acres in extent, elevated clear of any surrounding obstructions, and at the same time involves the minimum obstruction of light and air from the railway-sidings and roadways beneath. Each runway would be half a mile long and 200 ft. wide, which is considered by authorities to be of more than ample dimensions for the largest modern aeroplane, and also provides for a longer run which might be necessary for some types of multi-engined aeroplanes that might be constructed in the future.

Slotted wings, and other "landing" and "taking-off" devices, together with the improvement of wheel-brakes, tend to reduce the necessary length of runways; but, until such improved equipment becomes universally adopted, the provision of too small a run would only limit the usefulness of the airport. At night the identification beacons and the pilot-lighting along each of the runways and taxiways would be in continuous use, but the flood-lighting of the runways, effected from the parapets, would be confined to that particular runway which lay in the direction of the wind. The change from one runway to another would be gradual, and when the wind veered a point or two on either side of the centre-line between two adjacent runways, each of these would be illuminated. The lighting would be controlled automatically by the wind.

Intermediate supports under the taxiways would be used as hangars, served by lifts specially designed to take the largest aeroplane without dismantling; and Building No. 1, shown on the plan (Fig. 1), would be the main airport station, which would include the airport administration, meteorological offices, Air Ministry offices, Customs offices, quarters for pilots and navigators, and offices of the various air lines, together with public rest-rooms, dining-hall, restaurant, and information bureaux.

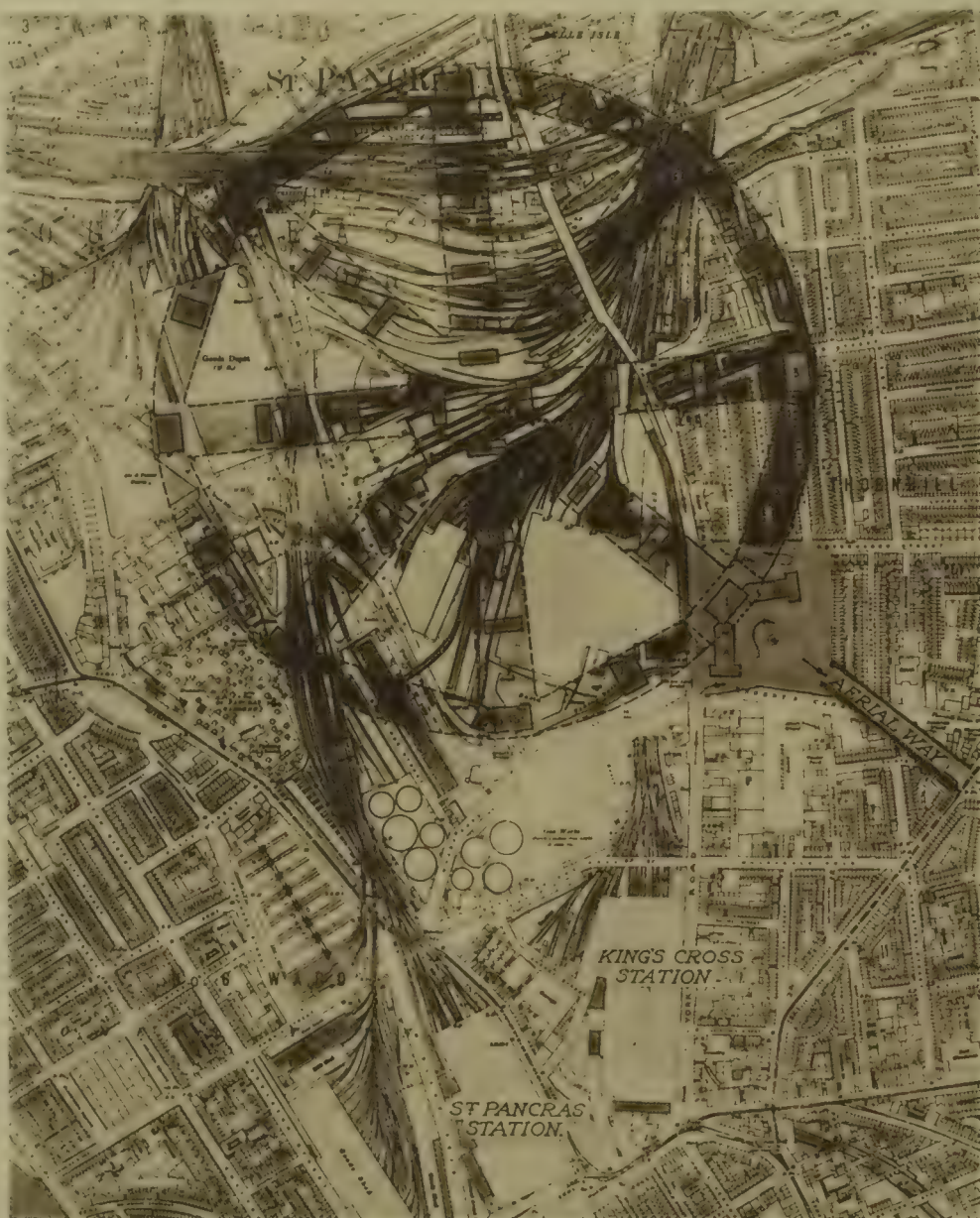


FIG. 1. A GREAT "WHEEL" SUPERIMPOSED HORIZONTALLY OVER THE RAILWAY SIDINGS BEYOND ST. PANCRAS AND KING'S CROSS STATIONS (SEEN IN CENTRE FOREGROUND): A MAP INDICATING THE GENERAL PLAN OF THE SUGGESTED CENTRAL AIRPORT FOR LONDON, WITH ITS MAIN ENTRANCE (LOWER RIGHT SECTION OF THE CIRCLE) FACING A PROPOSED NEW ROAD TO BE CALLED "AERIAL WAY."

Plan prepared by C. W. Glover and Partners. (Copyright.)

coach terminal station and garage. Owing to the congestion of the London streets, it is desirable to discourage the admission of long-distance road passenger-coaches into the heart of the City.

Building No. 1B (shown in Fig. 5) would be constructed as a super coach-station, having garage accommodation for 150 coaches, with necessary repair shops, service station, and so on, complete with passenger-hall, booking-office, restaurants, and shops. Immediately to the north of this building, and adjoining Copenhagen Street, a coach stand would be formed, and long-distance motor traffic arriving from the north, down York Road, would discharge its passengers on the platform to the north side of this building, whence passengers would pass through the public hall to the waiting City omnibuses at the south side of the building. Such a coach station would almost certainly become the terminus of all the long-distance coach traffic from the north.

The site selected for this development is also convenient for the establishment of a direct connection with the Underground Railway. Provision is also made for an interchange terminal station for City omnibus traffic, with adequate accommodation for passengers and traffic staff. This would be arranged at the south side of the coaching

AN AERIAL "KING'S CROSS": VISIONS OF LONDON'S FUTURE AIR TERMINUS.

DRAWINGS COPYRIGHT BY C. W. GLOVER AND PARTNERS.



FIG. 2. A SUGGESTED CENTRAL LONDON AIRPORT AT KING'S CROSS, COMBINED WITH A RAILWAY AND ROAD GOODS TERMINUS AND A LARGE STATION FOR MOTOR-COACHES AND OMNIBUSES: AN "IMPRESSIONISTIC SKETCH" IN PERSPECTIVE PANORAMA, SHOWING AEROPLANES LANDING ON THE RUNWAYS OF A HUGE WHEEL-SHAPED STRUCTURE, WITH THE MAIN ENTRANCE SEEN IN THE CENTRE FOREGROUND.

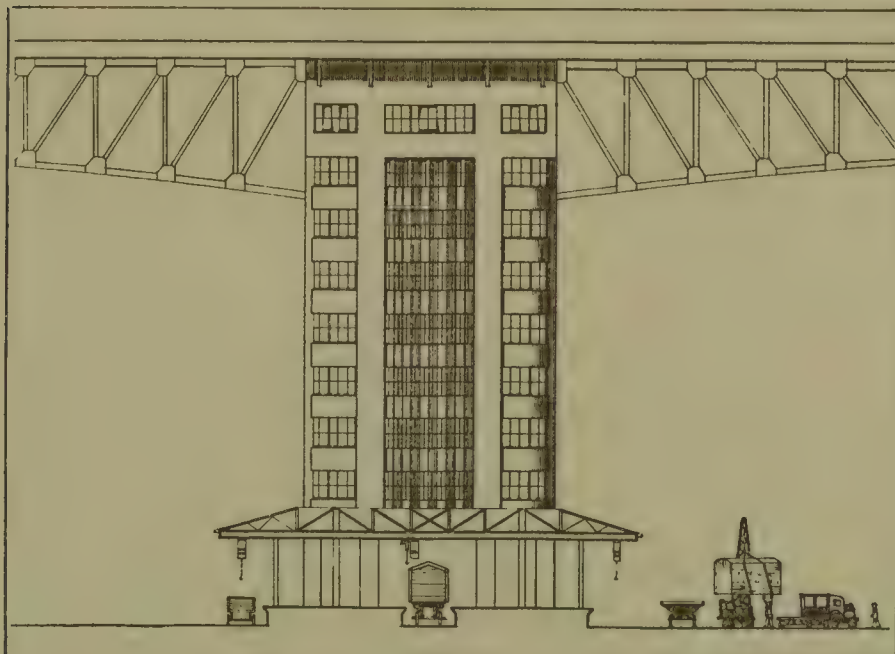


FIG. 3. ONE OF THE SUPPORTING PILLARS OF THE CIRCULAR OVERHEAD AERODROME, DESIGNED AS A WAREHOUSE: THE END ELEVATION, WITH LORRIES TO INDICATE ITS ENORMOUS DIMENSIONS.

London's future, no doubt, will be closely involved with the development of aviation. In the interesting article given on the opposite page, to which the above illustrations (numbered according to the author's references) relate, there is described an ambitious project which opens up new and surprising vistas. It suggests the growth of our capital somewhat on the lines of those imaginary cities foretold in the stories of H. G. Wells. The locality proposed in the

(Continued below.)

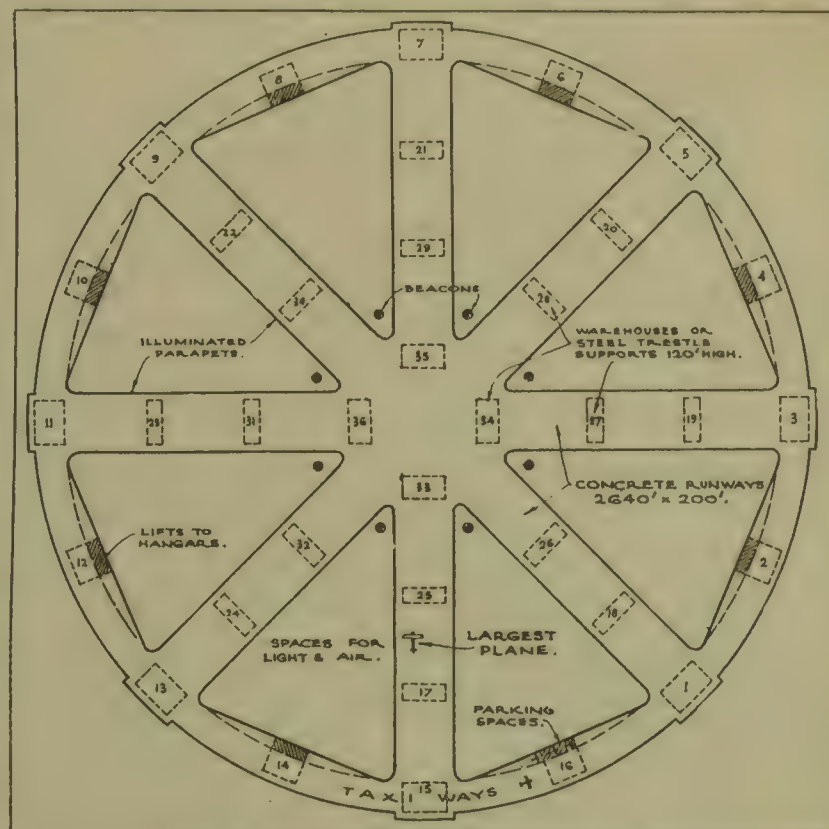


FIG. 4. THE SURFACE OF THE SUGGESTED OVERHEAD AERODROME: A GROUND PLAN WHICH SHOWS THE CIRCULAR AND RADIAL RUNWAYS FOR AEROPLANES, TO BE ILLUMINATED AT NIGHT IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE DIRECTION OF THE WIND.

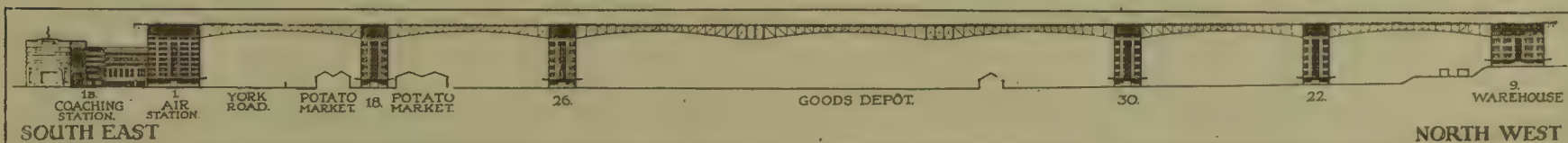


FIG. 5. ONE OF THE RADIAL RUNWAYS OF THE PROPOSED OVERHEAD AERODROME, AND ITS SUPPORTING "PILLARS," ILLUSTRATED IN PROFILE: A SECTIONAL DIAGRAM OF THE SOUTH-EAST TO NORTH-WEST RUNWAY, SHOWING (ON EXTREME LEFT) BUILDING 18, DESIGNED AS A STATION FOR MOTOR-COACHES.

(Continued.)

present scheme for a great central airport in London is the area at present occupied by extensive railway sidings outside King's Cross and St. Pancras Stations. Here, it is suggested, a great combined terminus would conveniently link up the various means of transport—by air, rail, road, and water. In a summary of various other improvements incidental to the scheme, the author mentions the remodelling of the railway goods yards, with increased warehouse accommodation; the provision of a long-distance motor-coach terminal station

and garage, and a similar terminus for City omnibuses; a large public garage for motor-cars; the clearance of slums and rehousing of the population in better conditions; and the construction of new road connections to relieve the congestion of traffic. The proposed airport itself takes the form of an enormous "wheel," to be placed horizontally on supporting pillars 120 ft. high, with broad runways for aeroplanes on the upper surface of its radii and circumference. The scheme is the work of Messrs. C. W. Glover and Partners.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

"SEA-SQUIRTS."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

ONE of the readers of this page sent me, a few days ago, a mysterious-looking object, rather like two black figs squashed flat and fused into one, and asked me to say what they were. For the moment I was puzzled. Then, taking a scalpel, I cut them in half—the cartilaginous character of the section solved the mystery. They were specimens of *Ascidia mentula*, one of the "Tunicates."

Now, what is a "Tunicate"? That is a difficult question to answer with brevity, because the term embraces many widely different types, as will be seen presently, though all are fundamentally fashioned on the same plan. Aristotle, more than two thousand years ago, was the first to describe one of these creatures, though he did not discern its true characters. But from that day till 1756, when Schlosser and Ellis described the first of the compound types, they remained practically unknown. It was not, however, till the beginning of the nineteenth century that a comprehensive picture of the whole group was given to the world. Even now very few save the professional zoologist have ever heard of these remarkable and most interesting types of animal life.

They are interesting because they are really degenerate vertebrates. In their adult state they occur as simple, fixed bodies, or as compound masses of individuals, or as free-swimming types. We may take *Ascidia mentula* as a good example of a fixed Ascidian. It is one of the few members of the group known to those who love exploring rock-pools during summer holidays, by whom they are designated "sea-squirts." In its general shape, in the living body, it may be described as like a small sack standing on end and fixed by its base to the rock. Eight finger-like processes surround its narrow mouth, and at the side there will be found a somewhat protuberant rosette marked by six apertures.

If the animal under observation is under water, and a little powdered carmine be gently dropped over the mouth

high and dry on the rock and touch it. Immediately a jet of water will be expelled from the hole in the side—hence the name "sea-squirt." These apertures are important land-marks. The hole by which the water enters is, of course, the head. The hole in the "side" is really the back of the animal. It is fixed by its hinder end.

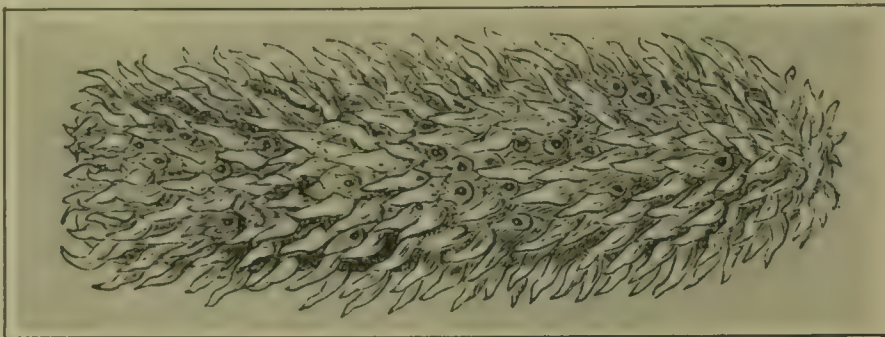
Doubtless there is nothing very thrilling in this description. But wait a moment. This living body has had a strange history. Now it is a mere "body," unable

for several seconds and then suddenly goes out." He wrote his name, he tells us, with his finger on the surface of a specimen 4 ft. long and 10 in. in diameter, which had been dredged up in the trawl. A moment later his name slowly appeared in letters of fire!

Finally, something must be said of the free-swimming forms *Doliolum* and *Salpa*, which occasionally drift into British seas. Their frail bodies are transparent as glass. But they have a very complicated life-history which, even

had I space to describe it, would make profitless reading without a backing of highly technical anatomical knowledge. Suffice it to say that these animals present, in the course of their development, what is known as an "alternation of generation." In *Salpa*, for example, the egg gives rise, not to a new individual resembling the parent, but a free-swimming form which produces a long chain of small individuals. In due course the chain is set free from its asexual parent and breaks up, each member of the chain becoming a *Salpa*.

The life-story of a *Doliolum* is still more complex. Here the sexual form gives rise to a tailed larva which develops into a "nurse." And this "nurse" gives rise to buds from which a new sexual generation is produced. But this, takes three forms, in two of which the sexual organs, though present, are not developed. Surely here is a strangely futile form of existence, for these defective individuals can only serve as food for other animals. Meanwhile they are competing for food with the sexually productive members of their tribe. There is no more remarkable group than this of the "sea-squirts" in the whole animal kingdom. Its members begin life with the rank of a primitive vertebrate. The factors or agencies which checked further progress in this direction and started the evolution of the innumerable degenerate types, presented here only in broad outline, we hardly hope to discover. Yet, in spite of their failure to become vertebrates, they have achieved success, albeit in a lower plane. For have they not spread from the Poles to the Equator, and from the rock-pools to the abysses of the oceans?



1. A COLONIAL FORM OF ASCIDIAN: PYROSOMA, A PHOSPHORESCENT SPECIES IN WHICH LARGE NUMBERS OF INDIVIDUALS ARE MASSED TOGETHER TO FORM A COLONY.

The bases of all the individuals of the colony form a hollow tube, open at the hinder end. The body is driven forwards by the expulsion of water from this aperture. Such colonies, found swimming near the surface, may be as much as twelve feet long, and they are highly phosphorescent, though the precise purpose of this light is unknown.

to move or to gain any knowledge of the external world, enjoying no choice in the selection of its food, or ability to communicate with its neighbours; yet it was once able to roam the seas at will. For in its larval stage it had a body very like that of a frog-tadpole, using a long tail as a propeller. Moreover, it possessed eyes. Then, as it tired of a wandering life, it settled down on a rock and anchored itself by means of a sucker on its head, the mouth opening just above it. It was now literally standing on its head, with the tip of its tail reared straight upwards, and the aperture for the expulsion of water matter in the middle of its back. Then speedily, as in the tadpole, the tail was absorbed, and at the same time the mouth started to move upwards, further and further, till at last it came to occupy the position we find in the adult; while the exhalant aperture, moving at the same rate, passed over the summit of the sack and came to rest where we find it. This larval stage—which is of a higher grade than that of *Amphioxus* (also a primitive vertebrate)—lasts no more than a couple of days. And during this time no food is eaten, for the mouth, as yet, is not completely formed. Who will deny that this is an astonishing transformation?

The Tunicates, indeed, are an astonishing group. For they display a singular diversity both in the matter of their form and their mode of life. Some, like our red-currant sea-squirt, are vividly coloured; some are translucent. In size they range from a hundredth of an inch to animals a foot or more in length. The three main types are grouped into three orders. The fixed forms are usually called "Ascidians." Some are known as "simple Ascidians," because each individual leads a separate existence, and of these over five hundred species have been described; and some are "compound Ascidians," because they live in closely packed masses, under a common external case. Of the simple Ascidians, some live half-buried in the sand of the sea-floor; some are suspended from long stalks, as in the remarkable deep-sea genus *Culeolus* (Fig. 3), which has been taken from depths as great as 2400 fathoms. Thus it will be noted that these animals, in one form or other, range from rock-pools to the abysses of the ocean. They are to be found, indeed, in the seas of all the world, from the Poles to the Equator.

Of the colonial forms, one of the most remarkable is *Pyrosoma* (Fig. 1), of which several species are known. Some are quite small; others attain to a length of as much as 12 ft. Herein the colony is formed of a vast number of individuals closely massed together in the form of a long cylinder, which is propelled by taking in water through apertures in its walls and expelling the jet through the hinder end. All are highly phosphorescent. The late Professor Moseley, when serving as naturalist to the *Challenger* Expedition, was profoundly impressed by the varied types of phosphorescence seen at sea. This was produced sometimes by the protozoan *Noctiluca*, and sometimes by small crustaceans, and was often very wonderful. But, he remarks, "the most beautiful kind of phosphorescence is that of the Ascidian . . . *Pyrosoma*. This, when stimulated by a touch or swirl of the water, gives out a bright globe of bluish light, which, as the animal drifts past several feet beneath the surface, lasts



2. A LOWLY CREATURE WITH AN EVENTFUL LIFE HISTORY: A COMMON TYPE OF SEA-SQUIRT (*ASCIDIA MENTULA*) WHICH BEGINS ITS EXISTENCE AS A FREE-SWIMMING LARVA VERY LIKE A FROG-TADPOLE, BUT ENDS BY ANCHORING ITSELF TO A ROCK AND TAKING THE SHAPE SEEN HERE.

The test, or outer case, of this animal, which is dark grey in colour, resembles cartilage when cut through. Food is carried in suspension, and separated from the water required for breathing purposes within the test. It is drawn in at the upper end, and the exhausted breathing-water and the waste products are expelled through the rosette on the back. There are many species of these "simple" Ascidians, ranging from the size of a pea to that of a large coconut; and many are brilliantly coloured.

of the sack, which is really the mouth of the animal, it will be rapidly sucked in, and presently some will be seen emerging from the hole in the side. This constant stream of water drawn in at the mouth brings, at one and the same time, fresh water to be passed over the internal gills for breathing purposes, and food in the form of minute organisms of various kinds. Look for a specimen left

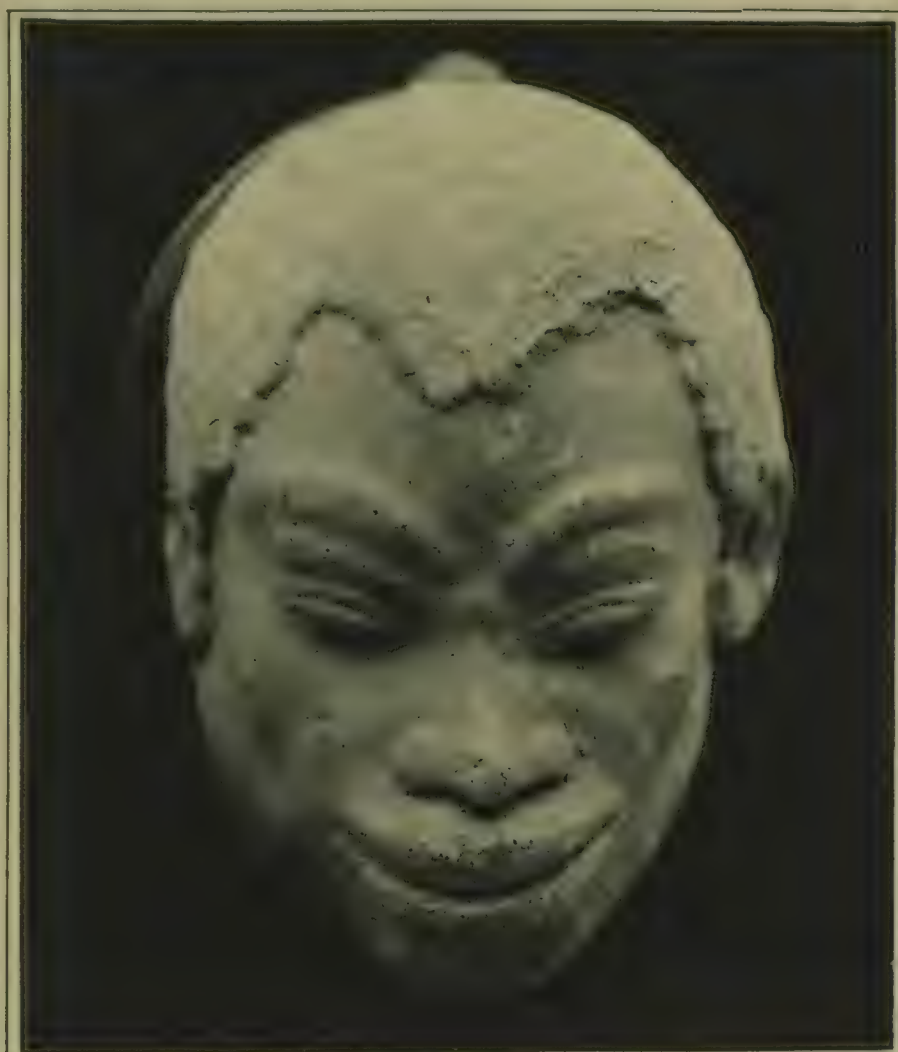


3. MEMBERS OF A GROUP WHICH RANGE, IN ONE FORM OR ANOTHER, FROM SHALLOW ROCK POOLS TO THE ABYSSSES OF THE OCEAN: A CLUSTER OF DEEP-SEA SQUIRTS (*CULEOLUS*).

These are shown on long slender stalks—an adjustment to the conditions of their environment. Eight or nine species of this genus are known from various parts of the world. Most of them are from the Pacific. Only one is known from the North Atlantic. They range from a depth of 250 to 2425 fathoms.

CONTRASTS IN NEWLY-FOUND GREEK SCULPTURE: A NEGRO AND A GODDESS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY SIGNOR PIRRO MARCONI. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 960.)



FIGS. 1 AND 2. THE NEGRO AS KNOWN TO THE SICILIAN GREEKS SOME 2500 YEARS AGO: A MAGNIFICENT ARCHAIC MASK (SEEN IN PROFILE AND FULL FACE) PORTRAYING THE TYPICAL FEATURES OF THE RACE—THICK LIPS, FLAT NOSE, AND SHORT CURLY HAIR—ONE OF MANY INTERESTING OBJECTS FOUND IN PITS AT THE SANCTUARY OF THE EARTH-GODDESSES AT AGRIGENTUM.



FIGS. 3 AND 4. THE GREEK CONCEPTION OF DIVINE FEMININE BEAUTY SOME 2500 YEARS AGO: A HEAD OF ONE OF THE EARTH-GODDESSES (DEMETER OR PERSEPHONE) DATING FROM THE 6TH CENTURY B.C., SHOWING THE "ARCHAIC SMILE" AND HAIR BOUND WITH A BAND FALLING TO THE SHOULDERS (FULL FACE AND PROFILE).

These photographs (numbered according to the author's references) illustrate Signor Pirro Marconi's article on the next page, describing the wonderful new discoveries recently made in Sicily, on the site of the great sanctuary of the earth-goddesses at Agrigentum (the modern Girgenti). The sanctuary belongs to the Greek period, when the town was known as Akragas. Agrigentum was the Roman form of the name in later times. Many fine examples of Greek sculpture, of various periods, were found in the ruins, including heads and busts of the earth-goddesses, Demeter and her daughter, Persephone. Some of these

heads, including that shown in Figs. 3 and 4 above, which is not identified by name, date back to very archaic times, as early as the middle of the sixth century B.C. This particular head, as Signor Marconi points out, shows the hair covered by a thick band falling to the shoulders, eyes superficial and prominent, and the usual delicate "archaic smile" which animates the face and gives it a refined and spiritual expression. Besides representations of the goddesses and their worshippers, many other interesting works of art came to light, such as the remarkably realistic mask of a Negro, shown above in Figs. 1 and 2.



FIG. 5. SHOWING AN EGYPTIAN INFLUENCE IN THE HEAD-BAND AND LARGE PROJECTING EARS: ONE OF THE OLDEST MASKS FOUND AT AGRIGENTUM.



NEW LIGHT ON GREEK RELIGION IN SICILY: GREAT DISCOVERIES AT THE SANCTUARY OF THE EARTH-GODDESSES AT AGRIGENTUM: ART RELICS RANGING FROM THE 6TH CENTURY B.C. TO THE HELLENISTIC AGE.

By SIGNOR PIRRO MARCONI, Director of the National Museum at Palermo.
(See Illustrations on pages 959 and 961).

The central illustration at the top of this page shows a series of five small heads representing the highly developed art of the Hellenistic period. Signor Marconi draws attention to their delicate features and expressions of extraordinary spirituality.

The divinities at Agrigentum, in Sicily, was published in *The Illustrated London News* of July 19, 1930. The excavations were continued during a large part of 1930 by the State, with the generous aid of an English gentleman, Captain Alexander Hardcastle, and the Società Italiana Magna Grecia, and have brought to light new features of great interest. There is not here, as is usually found in Greek sacred-places, a large temple with a peristyle surrounded by treasuries and chapels, but an aggregate of many independent structures, each of them having its own religious significance. There are in all twelve altars, round or square, and eight small temples or sacred enclosures (*periboli*) containing altars or sacred trenches (*boithroi*). They are situated one outside the other at random, and each encircles some natural phenomenon, such as cracks or pits in the bed-rock, on or around which was built the altar or temple.

The small temples are of the most antique form, consisting of a single *cella*, with *pronaos* and *adyton* (or treasury) in the rear. Strange rites, of deep import, in honour of the chthonian divinities must have been celebrated around the altars or in the sacred enclosures. The discovery of very many *kernoi*—vases sacred to Demeter and Persephone—in the form of round lanterns, with many holes round the edge for the insertion of wicks, confirms the fact that processions of women devoted to the goddess came from the city to the sanctuary, bringing vessels of offerings, as formerly at Eleusis. Recent excavations have proved the existence on this spot, before the arrival of the Greeks, of a prehistoric seat of worship. The native Sicilians had, from very remote centuries, celebrated here their rites of devotion to divinities of the soil, as shown by the discovery of many fragments of pottery—vases large and small, rough or painted—and some votive axes made of precious stones, perhaps imported into Sicily from the East.

Greek colonists, reaching the district of Agrigentum at the beginning of the seventh century B.C. as explorers and traders, settled in a village almost on the sea-coast, and gradually joined in the life of the natives, recognising in the Sicilian deities of the soil their own chthonian gods and goddesses. They therefore participated in the religious life of the sanctuary, adorning it in the course of a century in Greek style, and eventually transformed it into their own religious centre. Around some of the temples have been found *favissæ*—deep, square pits dug in the rock, which were used as receptacles for surplus objects presented to the divinity by the faithful, and accumulated within the temples or around

the altars. Some of these *favissæ* contained hundreds of small vases, even painted ones, little lamps, statues, heads, masks, and large busts representing generally the deities worshipped—Demeter and Persephone. A large quantity of entire or fragmentary objects was thus collected. Some of these articles are very archaic; others, on the other hand, belong to the finest period of Greek art. They enable us to trace the religious life of the sanctuary, and at the same time the development of the plastic arts at Agrigentum, from the sixth century B.C. to the Hellenistic Age.

The earliest offerings of masks and heads and statuettes of terra-cotta date from the beginning of the sixth century B.C.; to an earlier time belong only a few fragments of vases of Greek importation or local manufacture. The most ancient masks preserve an Egyptian influence, having the head covered with bands, and large projecting ears (Fig. 5); they

Some of the heads date back to very archaic times, as early

as the middle of the sixth century B.C., as, for example, one with the hair covered by a thick band falling on to the shoulders, eyes superficial and prominent, and the usual delicate archaic smile, which animates the mouth and cheek and gives a refined and spiritual expression to the face (Figs. 3 and 4). Another head (Fig. 10) belongs to nearly the end of the sixth century, and has a general decorative effect and an expression of abstraction, with hair gathered round the forehead and falling behind the ears on to the shoulders; at the same time, it is archaic in regard to the superficial eyes and the smile on the lips.

To the middle of the fourth century B.C., on the other hand, belongs another specimen (Fig. 13), showing masterly power in the shaping of the eye, the cheeks,

and the thick tresses wound round the forehead. Specimens from the fourth century and the Hellenistic period are rarer; for religious life in the sanctuary had by that time already weakened; but the more highly developed and refined art of this period is represented by a series of small heads (shown at the top of this page) of very delicate fashioning, with shaded and softened features, and heavy hair wound in tresses and curls. From these faces emerges an expression of extraordinary refinement and spirituality.

Along with these representations of the divinities and their worshippers, the *favissæ* (pits) of the sanctuary have yielded up many strange and interesting objects of artistic value. Among them we here select the magnificent archaic mask of a negro (Figs. 1 and 2), in which the facial type of the race is represented with admirable clearness: the snub nose, thick lips, short curly hair are shown with direct observation from life, with

decided naturalism, to which is added an obvious feeling for caricature, a seeking after the grotesque.

Of another kind is a small lion head of fine marble (Figs. 3 and 4) dating from the beginning of the fifth century B.C., of refined and meticulous work, characteristic of a goldsmith rather than a sculptor, delineated in the most minute features and full of vigour and expression. I think it is a small model of some larger work, offered to the divinity by a sculptor who has concentrated upon it his best efforts.

Finally, different again in type and style, but of exceptional rarity and importance, is a plastic vase reproduced (Fig. 9), with the plastic portion restored. It shows a mule carrying on its crupper a *cantharos* (cup), of which the lower part still remains. The space between the legs is painted with red figures. On one side is a virile, bearded figure of a kneeling reveller holding up a *kotyle* in his right hand. Details of the design fix a date for this work, in the decade 510-500 B.C. It is one of the first and most valuable examples of plastic vases which have come down to us from antiquity.

This sanctuary is one of the happiest discoveries made during the last few years; it gives an idea of the wealth and greatness of the ancient city of Akragas (Fig. 7).



FIG. 7. A SCENE OF WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES: THE GREAT SANCTUARY OF DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE, WHOSE RELICS INDICATE "THE WEALTH AND GREATNESS OF THE ANCIENT GREEK CITY OF AKRAGAS" (ROMAN AGRIGENTUM AND MODERN GIRGENTI).

must have been hung on the temple walls by means of a hole on top of the head. A little later begin the replicas of Greek types, with the high decorated *polos* (head-dress), prominent eyes, and mouth animated by the "archaic smile" (Fig. 6). But perhaps the most valuable specimens are those dating from the end of the sixth century B.C. to the beginning of the fifth (Fig. 8). Some of these bear the impress of the Ionic and Attic style, with the long, narrow, intellectual face and gentle, delicate expression; while others are Peloponnesian types, more square and massive, with large projecting chin, robust cheeks and jaws, and an expression rather sensual and hard. The eyes, always superficial and prominent, become gradually defined by a representation of the eyebrows and delineation of contours. Almost always the "archaic smile" lights up the faces.

Besides the small masks and heads, there are heads and busts of natural size, not representing the bringers of offerings or devotees of the divinity, but the goddesses themselves—Persephone, young, fresh, sweet; and her mother, Demeter, more mature and grave; they resemble those very beautiful heads excavated in past years at Agrigentum, in the rocky sanctuary of S. Biagio, and in the Doric Temple of Demeter, on the Athenian rock.

THE AGRIGENTUM DISCOVERIES: NEW TREASURES OF GREEK SCULPTURE.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY SIGNOR PIRRO MARCONI. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



FIG. 8. CONTRASTS AMONG THE RAREST GREEK SCULPTURES FOUND AT AGRIGENTUM, DATING FROM THE END OF THE 6TH CENTURY B.C. TO THE BEGINNING OF THE 5TH: IONIC AND ATTIC FACES—LONG, NARROW, AND INTELLECTUAL COMPARED WITH MASSIVE AND HEAVY PLIOPONNESIAN TYPES.



FIG. 9. THE GREATEST "FIND" AT AGRIGENTUM: ONE OF THE FIRST AND MOST PRECIOUS EXAMPLES OF PLASTIC VASES EXTANT FROM ANTIQUITY—A FIGURE OF A MULE, DECORATED WITH PAINTINGS ON THE CRUPPER AND BENEATH THE BODY.



FIG. 10. A GREEK GODDESS WITH WAVED HAIR: A FINE HEAD DATING FROM THE END OF THE 6TH CENTURY B.C. FROM THE SANCTUARY OF DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE AT AGRIGENTUM. A WONDERFUL FACE WITH AN EXPRESSION OF ABSTRACTION, AN "ARCHAIC SMILE," AND HAIR GATHERED ROUND THE FOREHEAD AND FALLING BEHIND THE EARS ON TO THE SHOULDERS.



FIGS. 11 AND 12. A SMALL MARBLE LION HEAD OF THE EARLY 5TH CENTURY B.C., FASHIONED IN METICULOUS DETAIL SUGGESTIVE OF A GOLDSMITH: PROBABLY A SCULPTOR'S VOTIVE OFFERING REPRESENTING HIS LARGER WORK—(SEEN IN PROFILE AND FULL FACE)

FIG. 13. AN EXAMPLE OF LATER GREEK ART SHOWING MASTERLY TREATMENT OF THE EYE, CHEEKS, AND HAIR: A FRAGMENT DATING FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE 4TH CENTURY B.C.



In his article on the opposite page, Signor Pirro Marconi describes these new and important examples of Greek art found at Agrigentum, and discusses their significance. The illustrations are numbered to correspond with his references. The discovery of a sanctuary dedicated to the chthonian (earth) deities, Demeter and her daughter, Persephone, at this spot is of particular interest in view of the legend that Enna, between Agrigentum and Catana, was the place where Persephone (Proserpine) was carried off by Pluto. Demeter (Roman Ceres)

was the special protectress of agriculture. The original story of her quest for her lost daughter, who was eventually allowed to pass two-thirds of the year with her mother and the rest with Pluto, is told in one of the Homeric Hymns. Explaining the symbolism of the legend, Smith's "Classical Dictionary" says: "Persephone, carried off to the lower world, is the seed-corn, which remains concealed in the ground part of the year; Persephone, who returns to her mother, is the corn which rises from the ground, and nourishes men and animal."

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE SPANISH REPUBLIC MADE DURING MY AMERICAN TOUR.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

The distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

I AM going to tell you in what circumstances I learnt of the "abdication" of the King of Spain during my journey across the American continent. The little scene is not, perhaps, without a certain interest. I had left Los Angeles for San Francisco at eight o'clock in the morning. The newspapers had given the results of the Municipal Elections in Spain, and contented themselves with adding that serious events were foreseen. Towards midday the train stopped for ten minutes at a wayside station. I got out so as to stretch my legs a little. Suddenly I saw a pretty young woman, who approached me and asked me, with a smile, if I was M. Ferrero.

She said: "I am the representative of the *Los Angeles Examiner*. The Editor has telegraphed to me to look for you on this train, to tell you that the King of Spain has abdicated, and ask you to telegraph to him immediately an article of about five hundred words."

The *Los Angeles Examiner* belongs to a group of American newspapers for which I have written for many years, a group whose representatives have overwhelmed me with civilities during my whole journey. I could not escape from acceding to this request, despite the small desire which I felt to philosophise on the new Republic in these circumstances. I got back into my "Parlour Car," and then and there began to dictate the article to my daughter, who had brought her typewriter with her. . . . But all these little manoeuvres had been noticed by the other travellers. As several of them asked me what had happened, I communicated to all the occupants of the "Parlour Car" the news of the fleeing of the King of Spain and the proclamation of a Republic in Madrid.

I was then witness of a rather curious scene. Poor Spanish Republic! In that sumptuous "Parlour Car" which ran towards San Francisco, its birth was received like that of a sixth or seventh child which is born to a poor family. Everyone was convinced that the Spaniards had committed the greatest stupidity, because they were not yet ripe for a Republic. What disaster would crush Spain now that she no longer had a King! All those republicans seemed to be animated by a mystical faith in monarchies. At last an old lady approached me and asked me whether the King of Spain had abdicated, and began to wail: "It is not possible, not possible! The King of Spain has abdicated! What a disaster! What a disaster! I was in Spain three years ago. When I think how happy the Spaniards were under the dictatorship of that good General de Rivera! And now what will they do, those poor Spaniards? What will they do?"

"But, Madam," I could not help answering, to try to calm her distress, "they will make a Republic, that is all. Is that such an extraordinary thing? Did not your country make a Republic in the eighteenth century? The Spaniards are only following your example a little later on; nothing else."

When I returned to New York, I was able to observe, when I read the French and English newspapers, that the anxieties of my fellow-travellers were largely shared by public opinion throughout Europe. The new Republic was everywhere received with perplexed anxiety. Are the Spaniards ripe for a Republic? That was the question that all Europe also was asking itself.

The reply to that question is not a doubtful one. No; the Spaniards are not ripe for a Republic; just as the English in the eighteenth century were not ripe for a constitutional monarchy, nor the French ripe in 1792 for the great Revolution they were about to make; nor any people are ever ripe for any form of government, monarchic or republican, when they first begin to govern themselves. Even the Governments which enjoyed the greatest and most durable success had at the outset to impose themselves as best they could on peoples who did not understand them at all, or understood them badly. All had, little by little, to prepare the springs of their actions, and shape the minds, manners, sentiments, and ideas of the individuals and masses before they could work well. The Spanish Republic will not be an exception to this rule. If, in order to establish a Government, it were necessary to wait until the people were completely prepared, there would never have been any Government in the world.

The problem is a different one and must be thoroughly understood, especially in the United States, England, and France; that is to say, in the three countries which have been at the head of the liberal and democratic movement since the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The Republic was proclaimed in Spain not because all the Spaniards became ardent disciples of Jean Jacques Rousseau in a few years, or in a matter of months, but because the old régime was worn out, discredited, and exhausted. But

why was the old régime worn out, discredited, and exhausted? That is the real question which we must ask ourselves. In the United States, as in England and in France, it has been a habit for a long time past to rank with constitutional monarchies on the English model all those monarchies which have accepted the collaboration of Parliaments. That is the mistake which for ten years past has prevented the public opinion of those three countries from understanding the strange perturbations from which a certain number of European countries are suffering.

When the war broke out in 1914, there were only six constitutional monarchies in Europe: England, Belgium, Holland, and the three Scandinavian countries. The other monarchies—Germany, Austria, Hungary, Spain, Italy, and the Balkan countries—were semi-absolute monarchies. They had conceded a certain liberty and constitutions to their subjects, including a Parliament;

a constitutional monarchy on the English model, to recognise the will of the people no longer as a simple constitutional fiction, but as a living, working reality, would perhaps have been the best solution. The monarchy preferred to return to the absolutism of 1815. General Primo de Rivera's dictatorship was nothing else. But that which had been foreseen by many clear-sighted minds happened; absolute monarchy is too much in contradiction with the aspirations and necessities of our time to have the power of endurance. That attempt to re-establish absolute monarchy in a country which had become accustomed to enjoy the beginning of liberty ended in a republic.

Organising a democratic republic in these days is no longer a task as difficult as it was at the end of the eighteenth century, or even in 1848. But it remains a difficult and complicated task. There is no doubt that a period of serious troubles and of harrowing agitations is beginning for Spain, and that it may be fairly long. Spain must also serve her apprenticeship to Liberty, as England, France, and the other peoples did before her. But it would be at once unjust and dangerous to consider the Spanish Revolution as folly because it will be followed by a difficult period.

The Spanish Revolution, like the other Revolutions which have changed the political map of the world since the World War, is the outcome of the immense historical movement which was let loose in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries by the English, American, and French Revolutions. Spain, like Italy, Russia, and nearly all the rest of the Germanic world, resisted the revolutionary initiative of England, the United States, and France as long as she could. The semi-absolute monarchy was only

the stubborn momentary resistance which, throughout a great part of Europe, defended the ancient régime against the ideas and examples of England, America, and France. To-day that resistance is exhausted. Every country is obliged to pass through its '89. The impossibility of living with the ancient institutions has obliged them to do this.

It is necessary that public opinion in the United States, as in England and France, should thoroughly understand this point, which is of capital importance. We must neither pity the Spaniards because they want to try a Republican Government without having had sufficient preparation to do so, nor believe that they have become mad. The Republic was proclaimed in Madrid in April 1931 because England had revolted against the absolute power of the King in the seventeenth century and America had founded the first great democratic republic in the second half of the eighteenth century; and because France had succeeded, after an obstinate effort in the nineteenth century, in breaking her ancient monarchical tradition.

The dynastic catastrophes of 1917 and of 1918 precipitated the movement. Up to 1914 tradition and the monarchical spirit were stronger in Continental Europe than the democratic movement. The fall of the Romanoffs, Hohenzollerns, and Hapsburgs reversed the situation. Every day it becomes more obvious that only constitutional monarchies can last in Europe. Absolute or semi-

absolute monarchies are doomed to disappear. The Bourbons would not have fallen in Madrid if the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs had still been reigning in Berlin and Vienna. It is certain that at this moment there are in Europe too many young Republics at the ungrateful age at which they are at grips with the first difficulties of their organisation. All the crises, added one to the other, produce general perturbation. From this point of view, one can explain the bad temper with which the old republics received the little sister who was born under the sunny skies of Spain on April 14. But we are in the presence of a historic fatality against which ill-humour is powerless.

It would be a dangerous illusion for England, the United States, and France to continue to count on absolute or semi-absolute monarchy to maintain order in Europe, after having overthrown the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs. There is only one way now to re-establish order in Europe: that is, to constitute everywhere representative Governments as solid and capable as possible, either under the form of constitutional monarchies on the English pattern, or under the form of democratic republics.



RELICS OF JOAN OF ARC'S JUDGE, LATELY EXHUMED FOR IDENTIFICATION: FRAGMENTS OF BISHOP CAUCHON'S IVORY CROZIER FOUND ON THE LEADEN CASKET CONTAINING HIS COFFIN IN LISIEUX CATHEDRAL.

By a strange coincidence, the coffin of Pierre Cauchon who, as Bishop of Beauvais, condemned Joan of Arc, was recently exhumed, for purposes of identification, just before the celebrations (illustrated on the opposite page) on the 500th anniversary of her martyrdom. Before St. Joan's death, Bishop Cauchon had been chosen for the see of Lisieux, and the appointment was confirmed in 1432. During his ten years as Bishop of Lisieux, he built the beautiful Chapel of the Virgin in the Cathedral. He died suddenly at Rouen on December 18, 1442, and his body was taken to Lisieux and buried in the vault of this chapel, where a marble monument was erected over the grave. This monument was demolished in 1783, when Mgr. Condorcet was buried immediately above Bishop Cauchon. Mgr. Condorcet's coffin was afterwards removed to the cemetery, but the record of this transference did not mention the Bishop's tomb, and a local controversy arose casting doubt on its existence. The exhumation was made to settle the dispute. The Bishop's skeleton was found intact amid remains of an oak coffin enclosed in an outer casket of lead with iron rings, and on the leaden casket were fragments of an ivory crozier, painted and gilded in fifteenth-century style.

but all these Parliaments were not directing or sovereign organs; they were modest organs of control subordinated to, and partly controlled by, the executive power which they ought, according to the constitutional theory, to have directed and controlled. In each of those countries they had found different means to make that strange system of government work; it was neither the absolute monarchy of 1815, nor was it yet the constitutional monarchy on the English model. Basically, it was a question for all those governments of being able to direct public opinion and to regulate all its manifestations, the Press, Parties, Elections, while leaving them free in their actions and sometimes even allowing themselves to be directed by them.

The system was ingenious, and it rendered great service to the countries which adopted it after 1848, but it was everywhere full of complicated contradictions which were difficult to manage; and it began to wear out in 1914. The World War, which surprised it when it was already growing feeble, gave it its death-blow. After the war, that form of monarchy which was intermediate between absolutism and real representative government found itself everywhere incapable of governing, and in those places in which a revolution did not replace it by a republic it was obliged to return to the absolutism of 1815.

That seems to be the deep meaning of the events in Spain, which have surprised the world since 1923. After the World War, the faults of the ancient system, which was used up and grown old, and the awakening of the people, who began to become conscious of their own will, also imposed a change in the system of government in Spain. To transform the semi-absolute monarchy into



THE PRELATE WHO CONDEMNED ST. JOAN EXHUMED IN THE YEAR OF HER QUINCENTENARY: THE IRON-RINGED CASKET OF LEAD CONTAINING BISHOP CAUCHON'S COFFIN UNEARTHED FOR EXAMINATION IN THE CATHEDRAL OF LISIEUX.

THE QUINCENTENARY OF ST. JOAN OF ARC: CELEBRATIONS AT ROUEN.



THE EXPIATORY SERVICE AT THE SITE OF THE STAKE IN THE OLD MARKET PLACE AT ROUEN: M. GABRIEL HANOTAUX AND M. BIGNON, SENATOR, REPRESENTING THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT, LAYING THEIR WREATHS—(ON LEFT) A NEW STATUE OF ST. JOAN.



THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER AS THE PAPAL LEGATE AT THE CELEBRATIONS: CARDINAL BOURNE THROWING A BUNCH OF FLOWERS INTO THE SEINE, WHERE JOAN'S ASHES WERE CAST.



BESIDE THE NEW STATUE OF ST. JOAN IN THE VIEUX MARCHÉ, WITH A SMALL MODEL OF HER MOTHER'S MONUMENT: (L. TO R.) LADY HAIG, MME. WEYGAND, AND COMTE DE MALEISSYE-MELUN, D.S.O., M.C.



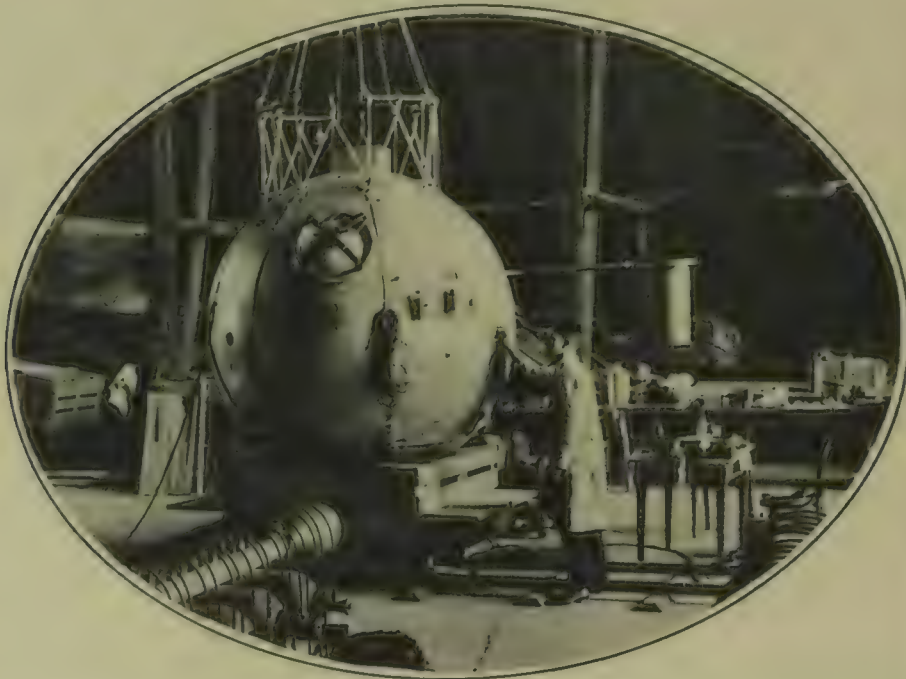
THE "MAID OF OREANS" IN A GREAT HISTORICAL PAGEANT REPRESENTING THE ENTRY OF CHARLES VII. INTO ROUEN: ST. JOAN (IMPERSONATED BY MLE. GISELLE BRABANT) RIDING ON HER CHARGER.

The ceremonies held to commemorate the 500th anniversary of the burning of Joan of Arc (on May 30, 1431) began at Rouen on May 23. On the 25th an exhibition of relics, including Bishop Cauchon's pastoral staff (illustrated on the opposite page), found at Lisieux, was opened in the Museum by M. Gabriel Hanotaux. The religious ceremonies culminated on May 31, when Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster and Papal Legate, celebrated a Pontifical Mass in the Cathedral. Among those present was Lord Tyrrell, the British Ambassador. An expiatory service was held in the old Market Place, where a statue was recently erected, and the site of the stake is marked by a monument, on which a Flame of Remembrance was lit every night during the celebrations.

On May 31 the flame was kindled by Lady Haig, who presented the Mayor with £500 which she had collected in England towards the erection of a permanent monument. She also unveiled a memorial tablet presented to Rouen by the Society of Scottish Women. After the speeches and the laying of wreaths there was a procession along the road taken by the executioner when he threw St. Joan's ashes into the Seine. The procession halted on the Pont Boieldieu, and Cardinal Bourne, surrounded by Church dignitaries, threw a bunch of flowers into the river. In the afternoon of May 31, a great historical pageant represented the entry of Charles VII. into Rouen. St. Joan, clad in armour, and riding on a charger, was impersonated by Mlle. Giselle Brabant.

TEN MILES UP IN THE AIR TO STUDY COSMIC RAYS:

DRAWINGS (Nos. 3 AND 5) BY



1. THE "CABIN" OF PROFESSOR PICCARD'S BALLOON: AN AIRTIGHT SPHERE CONSTRUCTED OF TIN AND ALUMINIUM ALLOY, HAND-WROUGHT AND WELDED, 6 FT. 10 IN. IN DIAMETER, WITH SMALL GLASS WINDOWS.



2. PROFESSOR PICCARD, (RIGHT) AND HIS ASSISTANT, M. KIPFER, INSIDE THE SPHERICAL "CABIN," TESTING THEIR SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS IN PREPARATION FOR THE ASCENT: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON A PREVIOUS OCCASION.



3. WHY PROFESSOR PICCARD'S BALLOON WAS ONLY PARTIALLY INFLATED AT THE START: A DIAGRAM SHOWING GRADUAL EXPANSION OF THE HYDROGEN AT INCREASING HEIGHTS THROUGH DECREASE OF ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.

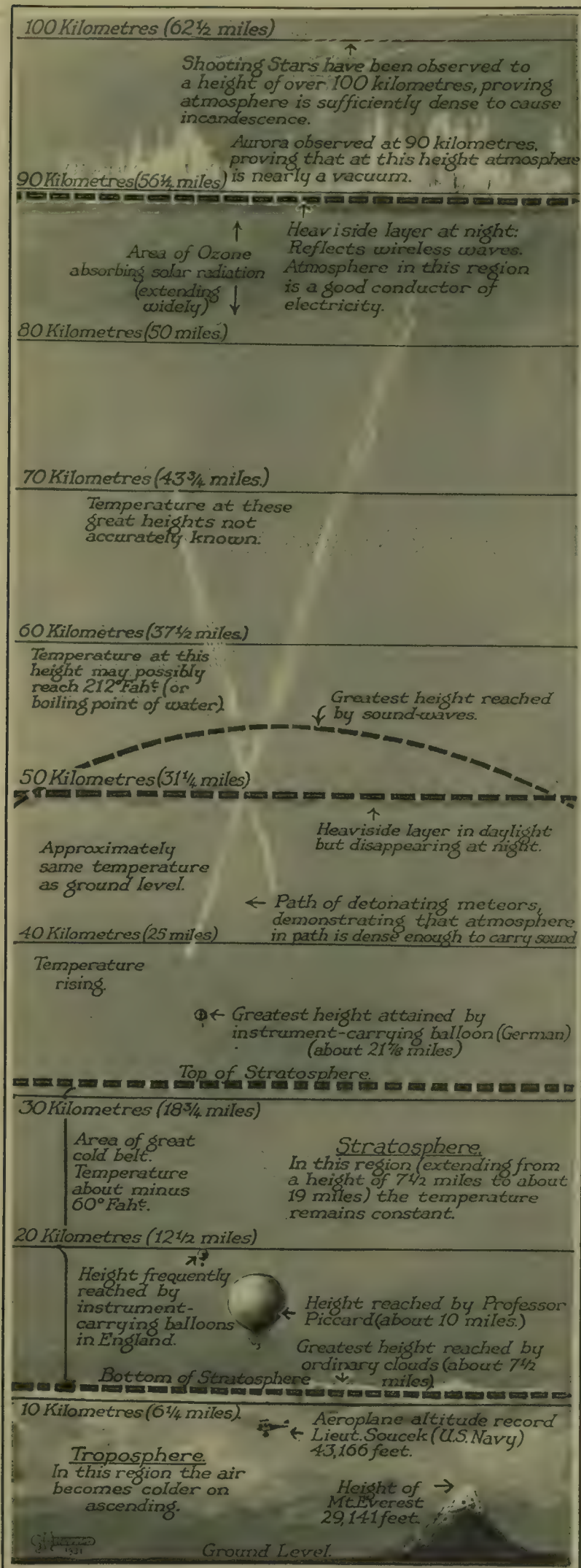


4. THE SCENE BEFORE PROFESSOR PICCARD'S ASCENT AT AUGSBURG: A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING THE HUGE BALLOON ONLY PARTIALLY INFLATED (FOR REASONS ILLUSTRATED IN FIG. 3) AND THE SPHERICAL "CABIN" ON THE GROUND BELOW.

Professor Piccard, of Brussels University, and his assistant, M. Kipper, ascended from Augsburg, Bavaria, on May 27, in a specially constructed balloon, to investigate cosmic rays and other phenomena in the upper atmosphere. The two scientists were enclosed in a hermetically sealed aluminium sphere containing their instruments, with oxygen breathing apparatus, and fitted with small windows of thick glass. They also took two parachutes. The balloon started at 3.57 p.m. and rose rapidly to over 6000 ft. They eventually attained the record height of 53,000 ft., and, after various vicissitudes owing to the temporary failure of a valve, landed safely, about 9 p.m., on the Gross Gurgl Ferner Glacier, in the Oetzwald, Tyrol, at a point 2700 metres (about 8800 ft.) above sea-level. There they spent the night, and in the morning, after a meal, made their way down the mountain, roped together, to the nearest village, which they reached at 5 a.m. On the way down they met villagers, who had seen the balloon and organised a rescue-party. Professor Piccard has given a vivid account of his experience, stating that the adventure was much more dangerous than he had expected. His scientific results, he added, could not appear for two or three weeks. Regarding our illustration No. 3, it may be noted—as a comparison to explain the diagrammatic drawing—that if a sketch of a

THE GREAT PICCARD ADVENTURE BY BALLOON.

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.



6. THE SCENE OF PROFESSOR PICCARD'S DESCENT: HIS DEFLATED BALLOON LYING ON THE GROSS GURGL FERNER GLACIER, IN THE OETZWALD, TYROL (AT A HEIGHT OF 8800 FT. ABOVE THE SEA), AND THE ARRIVAL OF THE PARTY SENT UP TO BRING IT AWAY.



7. DISMANTLING THE SPHERICAL "CABIN" AFTER THE DESCENT: A SCENE ON THE GLACIER, WHERE PROFESSOR PICCARD SUGGESTED IT SHOULD BE LEFT AS A LANDMARK, ITS WEIGHT MAKING IT DIFFICULT TO REMOVE.



5. KNOWN FACTS ABOUT THE UPPER AIR, WHICH PROF. PICCARD CAN AMPLIFY: COMPARATIVE DIAGRAM INCLUDING THE HEIGHT HE ATTAINED; THAT OF MT. EVEREST; THE AEROPLANE RECORD; AND STRATA UP TO 62 MILES.

8. BACK TO HUMAN ABODES AFTER LANDING IN HIS BALLOON ON A GLACIER AND CLIMBING DOWN TO THE NEAREST MOUNTAIN VILLAGE: PROFESSOR PICCARD (SEEN ON THE LEFT) WALKING WITH AN AMERICAN JOURNALIST.

balloon were made 1 inch in diameter at ground level, it would expand to 1½ inches at 15,000 ft., just under 1½ inches in diameter at 30,000 ft., about 1 7-8 inches at 45,000 ft., and slightly over 2 inches at 50,000 ft. Thus the expansion would have doubled its diameter from 0 to 50,000 ft.—No. 5 indicates that, though little is known about temperatures above 50 kilometres, atmospheric pressures have been studied to a far greater altitude. This comparative diagram shows the height of the world's loftiest mountain, the greatest height reached by an aeroplane, and that reached by Professor Piccard. Far above this, at about 55 kilometres, are facts obtained by calculating the passage of sound-waves set up by gun-fire or explosions on the ground. We know of the presence of ozone, which prevents too great a proportion of ultra-violet light of the sun from reaching us and becoming injurious. Professor Piccard may later confirm the presence of this ozone, as he refers to the "blue air" (ozone is a blue gas) he observed at a height of nearly ten miles. The diagram also shows how the temperature at certain heights varies, from minus 60 degrees F. from 7½ to 18½ miles in the great cold belt, to approximately the temperature of the ground at about 25 miles. Investigators believe that it reaches 212 degrees F. (or water-boiling point) at about 37 miles high.

A SUBMARINE AS AIRCRAFT-CARRIER. 3 THE DRAW FOR THE IRISH DERBY "SWEEP."



THE BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRYING SUBMARINE "M2" ABOUT TO SEND UP ITS AERIAL SCOUT: THE LITTLE SEAPLANE, WITH ITS WINGS UNFOLDED AND PREPARED FOR FLIGHT, OUTSIDE ITS HANGAR ON DECK.



THE NEXT PHASE OF THE LAUNCHING OPERATION: THE SEAPLANE, HERE SEEN IN MOTION ALONG A RUNWAY ON THE DECK OF THE SUBMARINE, TAKING-OFF AT THE START OF A FLIGHT.



THE AERIAL SCOUT'S RETURN TO THE PARENT SHIP: THE SEAPLANE, HAVING SETTLED ON THE WATER ALONGSIDE THE SUBMARINE, BEING HOISTED ABOARD BY MEANS OF A CRANE FIXED ON TOP OF THE HANGAR.

The above three photographs, which form part of an interesting sound-film recently presented by "British Movietone News," show one of the most remarkable of modern war-ships. The "M2," like her sister ship, "M3," formerly carried one 12-inch gun, but these were removed, and "M2" is used to carry a seaplane stowed in a watertight hangar. The film, which also includes several interior views, shows the "M2" coming to the surface in order to send up her seaplane for reconnaissance work. The machine is a small one with collapsible wings, and is housed in a hangar just in front of the conning-tower. After its flight it alights on the water near the "M2," is lifted on deck by a crane, and stowed away in its hangar with surprising rapidity. The object on the hangar, which in the first two photographs has rather the appearance of a big gun, is, of course, the crane, which in the third illustration is seen hoisting the aeroplane on board.—[By Courtesy of "British Movietone News."]



THE FIRST STAGE OF THE OPERATIONS PRELIMINARY TO THE DRAW FOR THE IRISH HOSPITALS SWEEPSTAKE: SOME OF THE 300 GIRLS EMPLOYED IN MIXING THE VAST MASS OF COUNTERFOILS, WHICH WERE AFTERWARDS PUT INTO THE REVOLVING DRUM.



THE ACTUAL DRAW: FIVE NURSES HANDING COUNTERFOILS DRAWN FROM THE BIG DRUM TO GENERAL O'DUFFY, SEEN TAKING ONE FROM THE NURSE IN THE CENTRE—(ON RIGHT) THE SMALL CRYSTAL DRUM CONTAINING NAMES OF HORSES.



THE SCENE IN THE MANSION HOUSE, DUBLIN: MR. J. O'SHEEHAN (CENTRE) READING THE NUMBER OF A COUNTERFOIL; GENERAL O'DUFFY (RIGHT) RECEIVING A SLIP WITH THE NAME OF A HORSE FROM THE SMALL CRYSTAL DRUM.

The proceeds of the Irish Hospitals Trust's Sweepstake on the Derby amounted to £2,789,696. Of this £1,900,544 was allotted in prizes, and £697,424 goes to the hospitals. The prizes were distributed on the basis of one first prize for every £100,000 available. There were 19 first prizes, 19 second prizes, and 19 third prizes of £30,000, £15,000, and £10,000 respectively, with further prizes for drawers of horses and 200 prizes of £100 a-piece for every £100,000 in the prize money. The draw was conducted in the Mansion House, Dublin, in the presence of a large company, under the supervision of General O'Duffy, head of the Free State Civic Guards. The total number of counterfoils drawn was 627, or 19 for each of the 33 horses. The counterfoils had been carefully mixed and then enclosed in a huge drum, which was rotated electrically. The counterfoils were drawn by hospital nurses, working in reliefs of five at a time. The names of horses were drawn from a small crystal drum.

THE 1931 DERBY: THE START AND THE FINISH.



1. THE START: CAMERONIAN (WITH A CROSS ON THE JOCKEY'S BACK), ON LEFT IN LEADING THREE; AND ORPEN (NO. 24), EXTREME RIGHT FOREGROUND.
 2. THE FINISH: MR. J. A. DEWAR'S CAMERONIAN (THE FAVOURITE) FIRST; SIR JOHN RUTHERFORD'S ORPEN SECOND; AND LORD ROSEBERY'S SANDWICH THIRD.

"The 148th Renewal of the Derby Stakes"—to quote the official designation—took place at Epsom on June 3, and was won by the favourite, Mr. J. A. Dewar's Cameronian (F. Fox up), with Sir John Rutherford's Orpen (R. A. Jones up) second, and Lord Rosebery's Sandwich (H. Wragg up) third. This year's race aroused even keener enthusiasm than usual for several reasons. First, the event fell on the King's birthday. Furthermore, the customary interest in the Calcutta

"sweep" had been eclipsed by a *furor* of excitement over the still greater one organised in aid of Irish hospitals. The list of probable starters published on the morning of the race comprised twenty-seven horses. The Irish "sweep" had included thirty-three entries, but later several horses were scratched, among them Mr. W. M. G. Singer's Link Boy and Sir Charles Pulley's Carmelus. At the last moment Primitif and Kiatere were also withdrawn.

THE 1931 DERBY: THE ROYAL FAMILY; THE FAVOURITE WINS.



1. THE ROYAL BOX: (L. TO R.) PRINCESS MARY; DUKE OF YORK; PRINCE GEORGE; DUKE OF GLOUCESTER; PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT; THE QUEEN; THE KING.

2. LEADING IN THE WINNER: MR. J. A. DEWAR WITH HIS HORSE, CAMERONIAN (THE FAVOURITE), RIDDEN BY THE VETERAN JOCKEY, F. FOX.

The fact that the Derby coincided with the King's birthday enhanced enthusiasm at Epsom, and everyone rejoiced that his Majesty had recovered from his recent indisposition and was able to see the race in person. The King and Queen were present with all their family, and received a great welcome as they entered the Royal box. The party included, besides those visible in our photograph, the Prince of Wales, the Duchess of York, and the Earl of Harewood. The victory

of the favourite had not happened since Call Boy won in 1927. Cameronian, trained by Mr. F. Darling, won the Two Thousand Guineas this year, and the winner of that race seldom brings off the double event. Mr. J. A. Dewar took over the horses of his uncle, the late Lord Dewar, who left him a fortune. The jockey, F. Fox, one of the oldest now riding, had not previously ridden a Derby winner. He was champion jockey last year, with 129 successes.



THE FOURTEENTH TREASURE PROMINENTLY "ISOLATED" AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: THE SANCHI TORSO.

Outside India, the celebrated Sanchi Torso is probably the finest example of Indian stone-carving in existence. Dating from the Indian "Renaissance" early in the sixth century A.D., when the brilliant Gupta style was changing to the early Mediaeval style, it embodies all the technical accomplishment and spiritual ideals of fully developed Buddhism. The torso belonged to a figure of the Bodhisattva Maitreya, the future Buddha, whose cult was widely spread about the fifth and following century. It formed the lower part of a monolithic pillar of reddish sandstone, wrought from the quarry in the Udayagiri Hill, close to Sanchi. The pillar stood near the Great

Stupa, where the stump is still in position. The swing of this torso suggests that the figure presented the "Three-flex" (*Tribhanga*) often seen in the "compassionate" rendering of the gods. The right hand rested on the hip, and the left hung down holding the Vase of Amrita (the *Elixir of Immortality*). Sanchi, near Bhilsa in Bhopal, Central India, was a sacred site of Buddhism from the third century B.C. till far into the Mediaeval period. This torso was presented to the late Major-General W. Kincaid in 1883 by H.H. the Begum of Bhopal, and was purchased from his widow in 1910 for the Museum.

BY COURTESY OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. (CROWN COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

The Charm of Colour in Persian Art:



1. A DELIGHTFUL HUNTING PIECE IN PERSIAN POTTERY: A TWELFTH-CENTURY BOWL FROM RHAGES WITH A CAMEL-MOUNTED SPORTSMAN SHOOTING DEER. (From the Collection of Mr. C. W. Calvert.)



2. RIVAL "BLUES" IN EARLY PERSIAN POTTERY: (LEFT) A RARE GABRI DISH (TENTH-ELEVENTH CENTURY) DECORATED IN RELIEF WITH AN EQUESTRIAN WARRIOR: (RIGHT) ANOTHER FINE DISH IN GABRI WARE, OF THE SAME PERIOD, WITH TURQUOISE GLAZE, AND A DOUBLE BIRD DESIGN IN RELIEF. (From the Collection of M. A. Rahmani.)

Treasures about to Change Hands.



3. A CHARMING "CONVERSATION" PIECE IN PERSIAN POTTERY: A BOWL IN RAVY COURT WARE (TWELFTH-THIRTEENTH CENTURY) SHOWING A SEATED PRINCE, WITH COURTIER, ANGELS, AND MERMAIDS. (From the Collection of Mr. C. W. Calvert.)



4. PERSIAN HIGHEMANSHIP IN "PAINTED" POTTERY: A SAVVY JUG OF ABOUT THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY. (Lent by M. Rahmani to the recent Persian Art Exhibition.)



5. A GEM OF PERSIAN TEXTILE WORK SHOWING JACOBEAN INFLUENCE IN THE BORDER DESIGN: A VERY RARE AND INTERESTING HAND-WOVEN CARPET, WITH DELICATE SHADES OF GREEN, BROWN, PINK, AND YELLOW, AND A CENTRAL FIELD OF PALE BLUE. (From a Nobleman's Collection.)

THESE beautiful examples of old Persian pottery and textiles are included in an important sale of Persian works of art to be held at Sotheby's on June 16 and 17. Further descriptive details may be given from the catalogue. (1) This bowl is 7½ inches in diameter and has a Cufic border.—(2) The dark-blue dish measures 16 inches across, and the light-blue 14 inches. One somewhat similar to the latter, but with a red outline, is in the British Museum.—(3) This bowl is 7½ inches in diameter.—(4) This very fine jug, with cup-shaped neck, and two bands of Cufic inscription, is 12½ inches high.—(5) An extremely rare carpet, 21 ft. 6 in. by 9 ft. 1 in., with "a wide cream border showing Jacobean influence." One of similar technique is in the Victoria and Albert Museum.—(6) This very fine and important jar (18 in. 6½ in. by 28 in.) is mentioned in Professor Pope's "Introduction to Persian Art." The five zones of reliefs represent (from top down) seated figures, animals, polo-players, animals, and dancers.

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEBY AND CO.



6. POLO IN OLD PERSIAN POTTERY: A VASE IN RICH LAFIS-BLUE (C. 14TH CENT.), WITH RELIEFS INCLUDING POLO-PLAYERS (Lent by M. Rahmani to the recent Persian Art Exhibition.)



Schweppes

GINGER ALE

*In clear golden sparkle and lively character Schweppes Ginger Ale
is a veritable non-alcoholic champagne.*

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IT was reported recently that thousands of Turks and Greeks stayed up all night at Constantinople, on May 21, owing to a rumour that the world was coming to an end. This date, of course, was not the first, or the last, fixed for that occasion by amateur prophets, who, like the proverbial Englishman, never know when they are beaten. One cannot grudge admiration for their persistence, not unmixed with relief at their disappointments. Readers inclined to study the motives and circumstances of similar predictions in the past, and strong-minded enough to visualise, from vivid word-pictures, various ways in which the universal catastrophe (from man's point of view) might come about, will find all they need to ask prodigally furnished in "THE END OF THE WORLD." By Geoffrey Dennis (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 8s. 6d.). The author is a novelist, and the titles of his previous books—"Mary Lee," "Harvest in Poland," and "Declaration of Love"—hardly suggest associations with so tremendous a subject as that of his new work. He has, however, risen to the height of a great argument, and developed his awe-inspiring theme with an imaginative force and a beauty of language which are, at times, almost apocalyptic. He gives the *pros* and *cons* of every scientific theory, and its bearing on religious or philosophical beliefs, in regard to that

"... one far-off divine event
To which the whole
creation moves."

Eschatology is hardly a subject for jesting, and Mr. Dennis treats it in a vein of high seriousness; yet he is not insensible to the humorous side of incidents arising from the effects of superstition on simple minds. Thus, in describing the prophetic career of William Miller, a New England rustic, who learned from the Book of Daniel that the world would stop in 1843, he recalls: "If there were believers, there were also exploiters. William Miller was a poor stick—so thought Elder Joshua V. Hines—a humble *illuminé* quite unfit to look after the business side, and the brass-band side, of what was already a mighty Movement. Joshua would do that. Joshua did."

Again, as the fateful hour approached: "A group waited in white ascension-robos: a suggestion of Elder Joshua's, though when these wedding garments proved ineffective, he promptly denied it. One man fitted a turkey's wings to his shoulders and tried to fly; he fell and broke his arm. At Westford, Mass., the local Millerites had assembled in their farm-house headquarters, proposing to spend earth's ultimate evening together in prayer and praise until, just before the midnight hour, they would move out into the open for the ascension. Now Crazy Amos, the local drunk, was not a believer. Knowing the Millerites were all safe indoors, he stole out on to the village green hard by and blew a great blast on a great horn that was his cherished toy. The listeners heard, in a body rushed out, madly jostled each other as they fought for the best places to be caught up from." I remember myself, as an undergraduate, perpetrating irreverent verses on some such occasion, including this devastating poser—

"Seeing the earth goes round and round,
Which way shall you ascend?"

Mr. Dennis himself ventures on a minor prophecy—that one day the astronomers, having explored "the whole pre-history of heaven" and learned "the exact future motions of all the stars," will themselves be able to "find the clock-moment of the crash or cold; the year and the number of the end." Meanwhile, it may be comforting to recall the opinion of one famous living astronomer, though it is not, presumably, accompanied by a guarantee. When Sir James Jeans recently landed in New York, American reporters made haste to ask him when the world would come to an end. "You need not lose any sleep," he replied; "it will not be yet—perhaps not for a billion years." I have not heard whether the same conundrum was propounded to Professor Einstein when he took his degree the other day at Oxford.

Another and more formal pronouncement by Sir James Jeans on a kindred line of thought also comes, curiously enough, by way of America. His essay on the Physics of the Universe, a lecture which was delivered at Bristol, is reprinted in the Appendix to the last-published "ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION." (U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington; \$1.75). Part of this volume, of course, is concerned only with the domestic economy of the Institution, but the Appendix, which forms the bulk of it, contains a large number of illustrated articles on various scientific questions of general interest. Among others of British origin, I notice an essay by Mr. C. Leonard Woolley on a subject familiar to readers of this paper—his wonderful discoveries at Ur. In the above-mentioned essay by Sir James Jeans, we read: "The fabric of the universe weathers, crumbles, and dissolves with age, and no restoration or reconstruction is possible. The second law of thermodynamics compels the material universe to move ever in the same direction along the same road, a road which ends only in death and annihilation."

The phrase "the end of the world" is generally used to mean the end of the present human race, which is not necessarily the same thing, and various writers have made dramatic use of an expected cataclysm—as from an approaching comet—in its effects on humanity. Others have described some partial destruction of mankind by natural forces. An instance is recalled in an

Captain Cook and Admiral Arthur Phillip, the first Governor of New South Wales; politics by the Old and the Young Pretenders and Bishop Benjamin Hoadly; natural science (besides Jefferies) by Marianne North. The remaining subjects are John Gambold, Mystic and Moravian Bishop; John Percival, Headmaster of Clifton and afterwards Bishop of Hereford; and a family trio composed of Sir Robert, Jane, and Maria Porter. The portraits with which the book is illustrated are well chosen and well reproduced.

Although Samuel Butler is given pride of place on the frontispiece, Mr. Vaughan confesses that Butler's cynical atheism repels him, and he is in far closer sympathy with the fervent faith of Francis Thompson, who expresses the mystic's view of astronomy in such poems as the "Ode to the Setting Sun" (which Mr. Vaughan considers his finest) and in that haunting stanza from a poem found among his papers after his death—

"Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars—
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors."

It was a strange thing that the two most ethereal of our singers—John Keats and Francis Thompson—should both have begun life as medical students. This reflection brings me to an interesting book of medical history—"SIXTY CENTURIES OF HEALTH AND PHYSICK." The Progress of Ideas from Primitive Magic to Modern Medicine. By S. G. Blaxland Stubbs and E. W. Bligh. With Introduction by Sir Humphry Rolleston, Bt., Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge. With 64 Plates, including Coloured Frontispiece (Sampson Low; 15s.). The authors trace the progress of ideas (on medicine, not surgery) from primitive times to the present day. Several chapters are given to the civilisations of antiquity—Sumerian, Babylonian, Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman; and special stress is laid on the great names of Hippocrates, "Father of all medicine," and Claudius Galen. Thence we are taken through the Dark Ages to the re-awakening of science, until in the seventeenth century, "with the great Sydenham, Hippocrates returns and clinical medicine is refounded." Thence we come to modern times and the hopes of the future.

One passage provides a grim commentary on the extract from Richard Jefferies given above. "The Black Death," we read, "perhaps the most appalling visitation of all, was brought from the Near East by a Genoese ship to Messina in 1347, and spread by fugitives all over Sicily and Tuscany by 1348, whence it covered the whole of the rest of Europe. Even Greenland did not escape. There the plague, as Sir Charles Oman has declared, deflected history by wiping out a community which was then in touch with North America, and knew the route there 150 years before Columbus. The results in mortality of the Black Death were appalling. Estimates vary from a quarter to more than half the entire population of Europe for the period 1348-59. . . . In England, about half the population disappeared, the report from London being that scarcely one in ten survived."

In its inception, the healing art was closely allied with religion. Most people probably know little about any faith but their own. How many of us could say off-hand, for instance, exactly what a Jew or a Buddhist believes? Such questions and many others are answered in an erudite work of German origin—"RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD." Their Nature and Their History. By Professor Carl Clemen, University of Bonn, and eleven other Eminent Authorities. Translated by the Rev. A. K. Dallas. With 135 Illustrations (Harrap; 15s.). The chapter on "Pre-historic Religion" is claimed as a new feature in a volume of this type. The long essay on Christianity, though, of course, mainly historical and explanatory, ends on a note of exhortation and prophecy, implying a conviction that the end of the world is not yet. That hope, I may add, is apparently shared by Dean Inge, who lectured of late on The Future of the Human Race, and pictured England a thousand years hence.

C. E. B.



A SILVER CHALICE OF THE 4TH-5TH CENTURY A.D., INSCRIBED IN GREEK: A BYZANTINE TREASURE BROUGHT TO LIGHT WITH THE ANTIOCH CHALICE.—THE FIRST ILLUSTRATION TO BE PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY.

We need hardly remind our readers that the so-called "Antioch chalice," to which reference is made above, is a remarkable piece of early Christian sacred silver-ware which embodies twelve portraits—authoritatively suggested to be those of Christ, the four Evangelists, and some of the Apostles. It came to light in 1910, and was recovered from the hands of its Arab finders shortly before the war; together with several Byzantine pieces of silver found buried with it at Antioch. Two of these Byzantine pieces we illustrate here. The Antioch chalice itself was dealt with in considerable detail in our pages in 1924. The Antioch Chalice, the book-cover, and the silver chalice, and other objects from the Antioch "find," form exhibits in the International Exhibition of Byzantine Art organised by the Musée des Arts Decoratifs at the Pavillon de Marsan, 107, Rue de Rivoli, Paris, which will continue until July.

excellent book of essays entitled "FROM ANNE TO VICTORIA." Fourteen Biographical Studies Between 1702 and 1901. By Herbert M. Vaughan, F.S.A. With 18 Portraits (Methuen; 10s. 6d.).

In his chapter on Richard Jefferies, the author mentions one of the naturalist's less known books that show his power of imagination—namely, "After London, or Wild England." "The novel itself," writes Mr. Vaughan, "I did not much care for, with its air of a forced and rather false mediaevalism; but the Prologue to the story itself makes most interesting if rather depressing reading. Jefferies describes how some miasmatic cloud suddenly sweeps over England, and indeed over all Europe, blotting out civilisation and slaying nearly all human beings with its pestilential breath—just such a visitation on a vaster scale as the *Vlad Velyn* of the sixth century or the Black Death under Edward III. . . . There is a likeness in this graphic account to some of Mr. H. G. Wells's fantastic tales."

Mr. Vaughan's volume consists of lectures delivered under the auspices of Oxford University at various times and places, and covering a wide field in art, literature, discovery, politics, natural science, and education during two centuries. Art is represented by Hogarth, Millais, and Holman Hunt; literature by Horace Walpole, Samuel Butler, and Francis Thompson; discovery by



A REMARKABLE SILVER BOOK-COVER OF THE 4TH-5TH CENTURY: ONE OF THE TREASURES BROUGHT TO LIGHT WITH THE FAMOUS ANTIOCH CHALICE, AND NOW ON VIEW AT THE BYZANTINE EXHIBITION ORGANISED BY THE MUSÉE DES ARTS DECORATIFS IN PARIS.—THE FIRST ILLUSTRATION TO BE PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY.

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"ECLIPSE FIRST AND THE REST NOWHERE."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE CLASSIC RACES OF THE TURF": By GUY B. H. LOGAN.*

(PUBLISHED BY STANLEY PAUL.)

THE "classic" events of the Turf are the Two and One Thousand Guineas, the Derby, the Oaks, and the St. Leger. First in antiquity comes the Derby. "Before the establishment of the Derby Stakes at Epsom in 1780," says Mr. Logan, "racing in this country, where the sport may be said to have had its origin, was conducted on very primitive and unpretentious lines. The horses contended for very modest stakes on rough and barren heaths and commons, and stately grand-stands and spacious paddocks were luxuries undreamt of. Except, perhaps, at Newmarket, even then the 'metropolis' of the Turf, the tracks were badly planned and ill-kept, and the comfort and convenience of patrons in no respect consulted. . . . There were no glittering prizes to be won, and the sport was ignored by the newspapers, such as they were, of that time. Races were run for the most part in heats, and the day's proceedings, so meagre was the fare provided, were enlivened and protracted by the fistie battles of professional pugilists. . . . The Turf attracted to itself a following from the worst elements of the population. That it survived the scandals of that time, and became the great institution we know to-day, is a proof of its vitality and a tribute to the average Englishman's love for the most noble of all quadrupeds."

Royal interest in the national pastime, however, dates from the reign of James I. He it was who popularised Newmarket, just as it was William IV. who, two centuries later, patronised Ascot and made it "Royal."

When, in 1616, James imported the Markham Arabian, he helped to "found" the English race-horse; and, his example being largely followed by the "nobility and gentry," many horses found their way into England from the East. But the "three great roots of thoroughbred stock," the Darley Arabian, the Byerley Turk, and the Godolphin Arabian, were all imported into England in the eighteenth century.

Darley was a Yorkshire breeder; his horse, purchased in Aleppo, in 1716 sired the famous Flying Childers, said to be able to run "a mile a minute." Mr. Logan, however, is not greatly impressed by his feats. "That he was the best horse of his time can be accepted as a fact, but the race-horses of two hundred years ago were of no great account, being sadly deficient in speed. . . . Flying Childers and his contemporaries would appear very coarse and burly to eyes accustomed to the delicate, graceful, and fine-drawn thoroughbreds of to-day."

The Godolphin Arabian "was said to have drawn a cart in Paris until he caught the discerning eye of an English breeder." He died in 1753, full of years and honour, "leaving Matchem, a great sire of the period, to perpetuate his fame."

The Byerley Turk had (report said) been a charger in Ireland before he began his career on the Turf. His descendant Highflyer made the fortune of the house of Tattersall and sired three Derby winners—among them Sir Peter Teazle. This horse won the Derby for Lord Derby in 1787 and "was a brilliant success at the stud, becoming the sire of no fewer than 350 winners, who, between them, won £126,726 in stakes besides 34 cups."

The most famous horse in the annals of the

racing world, however, was descended from the Darley Arabian. Eclipse was foaled in 1764 and sold to a sheep-farmer of Epsom for 75 guineas. "It is not enough to say that Eclipse was never beaten. All his races were won with such superlative ease that he practically distanced his opponents, and during an all-too-brief career of seventeen months he won for his owner a fortune estimated at £25,000, in stakes and bets, in addition to innumerable King's Plates, Cups, and other trophies. As a sire his fame was even greater, and 335 winners sprang from his loins before he died in 1789. It was verily a case of 'Eclipse first and the rest nowhere'!"

But to return to the Derby. It was run for the first time on May 4, 1780. Nine horses took part, and Diomed, the favourite, won. Diomed won seven races in that year, and lost none. All the same, he failed to make a great name for himself. At stud he was not a success, and he was eventually sold to an American for 50 guineas. In America they valued him more: at the mature age of twenty-one he changed hands at 1000 guineas—a great price in those days. But winning the Derby then meant much less than it means now. From the first it was acknowledged to be the greatest race of the year; but its tremendous popularity, its national appeal, did not come for half a century. It is doubtful if more than five thousand people watched Diomed win. "Epsom was rather remote and inaccessible, except to horse traffic: . . . and a journey to the Downs must have been quite an undertaking." When Teddington won the Derby in 1851, the year of the Great Exhibition, sixty or seventy thousand people assembled to watch. That was no doubt a record crowd. "How many were present when Blenheim won last year it is, of course, impossible to say, but the concourse probably exceeded 250,000."

Historically, the Oaks takes precedence of the Derby: it was run for the first time in 1779, and won by Lord Derby's Bridget. But it was the Derby which gave racing its great fillip. "The Northern side of the Turf instituted a rival in the St. Leger . . . and in 1809, the Two Thousand Guineas, a Newmarket 'classic,' was added to the list of principal races. There were no important handicaps at that period, if one excepts the 'Oatlands'

greatest sporting event of the year. From the recreation of a privileged few, racing had become at once the pleasure and the business of the many. . . . Jockeys were now something more than mere grooms, and trainers hailed from rather a better class. The 'gentlemen of the Press' were at last alive to the claims of racing as a subject of interest and curiosity. . . . The average backer of horses had still to work mostly in the dark, having no 'latest arrivals,' 'probable starters,' 'form,' and 'training hints' to guide him in his quest for winners . . . but tips, more or less inspired, were even then to be had, and the tout, that bugbear of the trainer, openly pursued his calling. . . . There was winter betting on the Derby, and much ingenuity shown in 'rigging' the market. Lame, and even defunct, horses were industriously 'boosted.' . . . There was a 'romance' about the Turf of a hundred years ago which is entirely lacking to-day, but there was also much that was unsavoury, and the scenes of drunken violence and debauchery which then, and for many years later, disgraced the Derby Day did a noble sport much social harm. The race-courses were free to all, baronets and burglars, princes and pickpockets, and many of them were welters of rascality."

"The sport of horse-racing," wrote Greville, 'has a peculiar and irresistible charm for persons of unblemished probity. What a pity it is that it makes just as strong an appeal to the riff-raff of every town and city!'

Having provided his book with a historic background, Mr. Logan serves up for our delectation innumerable anecdotes about owners, jockeys, horses, the entire personnel of the racing world. His method is chronological, his matter personal. Probably people feel more keenly about horse-racing than about any other sport; it touches their most vulnerable points, not only that obvious one, their pockets, but many of their strongest emotions—hope, fear, joy, despair, ambition, pride. If ever a man shows the stuff of which he is really made, he is as likely as not to make the revelation over some matter connected with horse-racing. The temper that has long been kept flashes out; the wit that no one believed existed suddenly sparkles; the ruddy cheek turns pale; the butterfly ceases to flutter and becomes suddenly purposeful; the dull eye brightens, the bright eye

glows. The sport of horse-racing has undoubtedly enriched the human comedy; and Mr. Logan has chronicled scores of its contributions to the fun and excitement, as well as to the chagrin and disappointment, of life.

Racing shop is dull to the non-racing man. Mr. Logan remembers this; and, though he writes for the racing public, he is never unnecessarily technical, and whenever he tells an anecdote (and he tells hundreds) he tells it with his eye on the clock. If the reader is bored by the subject, that cannot be helped; he certainly will not be bored by Mr. Logan's rapid, vivid, concise way of presenting it. Forty-five years' practical experience of the Turf has enabled him to write about it with authority; one has the satisfactory feeling that the author really knows what he is writing about, and that, if he were suddenly to be confronted with a good-looking but secretly defective horse, he could, without troubling to rise from his chair, point out to the chagrined owner the fatal flaw. And besides being, as it were, "in the know," he has what, from the standpoint of a writer, is still more important—a passion for his subject. The lore, legend, and gossip that have accumulated round it during the last century and a half he has soaked up as naturally as a sponge soaks up water, and his memory disburthens itself of its load with a generous impatience.

It is a fascinating enquiry—which is the best horse in the history of racing?—but I suppose no two experts would cast their votes for the same animal.

(Continued on page 990.)



THE OWNER OF ECLIPSE, WHICH WAS NEVER BEATEN: "COLONEL" DENNIS O'KELLY.—A CAMEO BY JOHN CHARLES LOCHER. (FACSIMILE SIZE.)

This very interesting cameo of Dennis O'Kelly is 1 in. high and, as our photograph indicates, is elaborately mounted in solid gold. It was enlarged and reproduced as the frontispiece of Sir Theodore Cook's "Eclipse and O'Kelly," and is mentioned on page 90 of that work. It is also depicted in Forrer's "Dictionary of Medals," and it is mentioned in Tassie's List. The original receipt for it is recorded as being dated 2nd July, 1788.—5 guineas. John Charles Locher, the artist, was a pupil of Tassie, and exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1776-1790.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Spink and Son, 5, King Street, St. James's, S.W.1.



ECLIPSE THE UNBEATEN: THE MOST FAMOUS RACE-HORSE OF ALL TIME DEPICTED BY GEORGE STUBBS.

This most attractive picture by George Stubbs (1724-1806) remained in this country until not long ago, but is now in the United States. As to Eclipse, we quote "The Classic Races of the Turf": "Eclipse," fourth in the direct line from the Darley Arabian . . . was foaled in 1764 . . . and sold by his breeder, the Duke of Cumberland, to a Mr. Wildman, a sheep farmer of Epsom, who got him for a paltry 75 guineas. This person later sold him to 'Colonel' O'Kelly, who put him into training, though he did not start him until the horse was five years old. It is not enough to say that Eclipse was never beaten. All his races were won with such superlative ease that he practically distanced his opponents, and during an all-too-brief career of seventeen months he won for his owner a fortune estimated at £25,000. . . . As a sire his fame was even greater, and 335 winners sprang from his loins before he died in 1789."

Photograph reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Ellis and Smith, 16b, Grafton Street, W.1.

at Newmarket, but the Chester Cup, the Goodwood Stakes, and two or three others soon after came into being."

Racing continued to make headway during the early decades of the nineteenth century until, in 1830, "the Derby had definitely established itself as the

* "The Classic Races of the Turf." By Guy B. H. Logan. (Stanley Paul; 21s. net.)

NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY: AND EVENTS



THE REV. J. J. HANNAH, D.D.
Died, June 1; aged eighty-seven. Dean of Chichester, 1902-1929, and played a prominent part in the work of restoring the Cathedral, completed in 1921. Vicar of St. Nicholas, Brighton, 1873-1888. For many years a Director of the Ecclesiastical Insurance Office, Ltd.



THE PRINCE OF WALES MAKING A TOUR OF INSPECTION AFTER OPENING THE HAIG MEMORIAL HOMES FOR EX-SERVICE MEN AT MORDEN.

On May 29, the Prince of Wales formally opened the London group of Haig Homes at Morden, Surrey, for which he made an appeal at the Mansion House three years ago. His Royal Highness had a Guard of Honour of tenants who are members of the Morden Branch of the British Legion, and he was received by Lord Lee, Chairman of the Council of Trustees.

SOME PERSONALITIES; OF THE WEEK.



SEÑOR LUIS DE ZULUETA.

The Vatican declined to accept Señor Luis de Zulueta as Ambassador of the Spanish Republic. Señor Zulueta was formerly Secretary of the Reformist Party; but his known character and ideas made this refusal of the *placet* matter for considerable surprise.



RECENT ROYAL ACTIVITIES: H.M. THE KING RIDING IN THE ROW FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE HIS ILLNESS.

The King and Queen were present at the opening of the Royal Tournament at Olympia on May 28. They were received by officers of all three Services. The corridor from the entrance was lined with a detachment of Royal Marines. Guards of Honour from all the Services were stationed in the arena. His Majesty wore the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet. —On May 29 the King went riding in Rotten Row for the first time since his illness in 1928, previous to which it was his usual practice during the summer to ride every morning in the Park.



RECENT ROYAL ACTIVITIES: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN ARRIVING AT OLYMPIA FOR THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.



THE WATER-LOGGED STATE OF THE COURSE AT CARNOUSTIE ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE QUALIFYING ROUNDS OF THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: R. A. WHITCOMBE RETRIEVING HIS BALL.

The qualifying rounds of the open championship were begun on June 1 at Carnoustie, and on the neighbouring links at Barry. Weather conditions were adverse—an easterly wind bringing rain on May 31, which continued on June 1—so that the Carnoustie links (as our illustration shows) were partially water-logged. The day at Carnoustie was remarkable for the performance of R. A. Whitcombe, who returned a seventy-two.



S. FERRIS, A RECORD-BREAKER, AND SIX TIMES WINNER OF THE WINDSOR-STAMFORD BRIDGE MARATHON.

The Kinnaird Trophy was retained by Achilles Club at Stamford Bridge on May 31 by 36 points to the 19 of their nearest opponents, Polytechnic Harriers. S. Ferris (R.A.F., Uxbridge) won the Marathon Race from Windsor to Stamford Bridge by $\frac{1}{2}$ mile in record time (2 h. 35 m. 31.4-5 s.), and for the sixth time in his own career.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE STAHLHELM "LEAGUE OF FRONT-LINE SOLDIERS" RALLY AT BRESLAU, WHICH WAS ATTENDED BY 140,000 MEN FROM ALL PARTS OF GERMANY: AT A SALUTING-POINT.

Last week-end the twelfth National Rally of the Stahlhelm "League of Front-Line Soldiers" was held at Breslau, and it is claimed in Germany that this leading Nationalist semi-military organisation drew about 140,000 uniformed men from all parts of Germany. At Oels, his residence, the former German Crown Prince, who was wearing the uniform of a General of the old Army, inspected a guard of honour of young

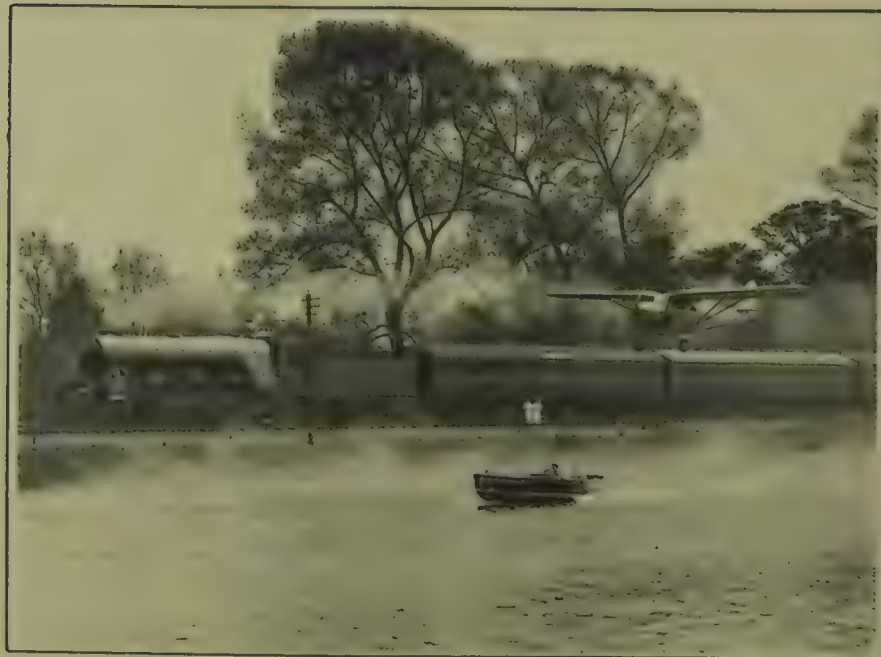


GERMAN WAR-LEADERS AT THE STAHLHELM RALLY, WHERE MEMBERS OF THIS "LEAGUE OF FRONT-LINE SOLDIERS" PARADED BEFORE TWO ROYALTIES: (LEFT TO RIGHT) GENERAL VON SEECKT; THE FORMER GERMAN CROWN PRINCE; AND MARSHAL VON MACKENSEN.

Stahlhelmers, and agreed that they should be known in future as "The Prince of Prussia Companionship." These youths afterwards joined the men paraded at the Oels Stadium, and there the former Crown Prince rode along the lines of ten thousand Brandenburgers. In the park surrounding Sybilleort, King Frederick August of Saxony reviewed the Saxon detachment. Amongst those taking part in the Rally were Marshal von Mackensen; Prince Wilhelm, eldest son of the ex-Crown Prince, who is himself one of the Steel-helms; and General von Seeckt. It need hardly be said that the event has not met with any enthusiasm in France!

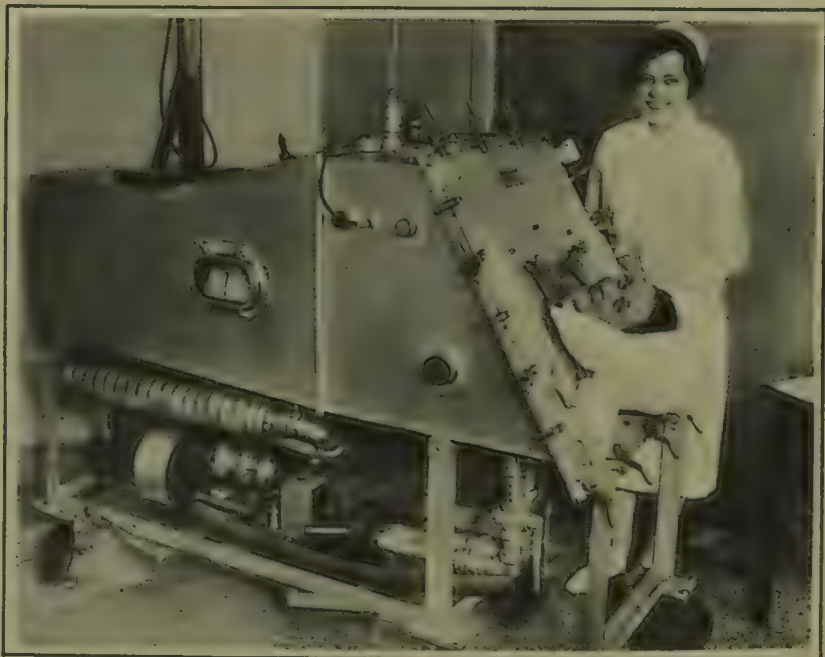
THE ITALIAN SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN OPENED WITH AN OPERA NEVER BEFORE GIVEN IN THAT HOUSE: THE TAVERN SCENE FROM VERDI'S MELO-DRAMATIC "LA FORZA DEL DESTINO."

The Italian Season at Covent Garden began on June 1 with a presentation of "La Forza del Destino," a work never before given in that very famous Opera House, although it was heard in Italian elsewhere in this country a good many years ago. Rosa Ponselle was the Leonora; Aureliano Pertile the Don Alvaro; Benvenuto Franci the Don Carlo; and Tancredi Pasero the Padre Guardiano. The conductor was Tullio Serafin.



THE RACE BETWEEN THE "FLYING SCOTSMAN," AN AEROPLANE, AND A MOTOR-BOAT: THE THREE "EXPRESSES" IN A TWO-MILE CONTEST ALONG THE OUSE.

The "Flying Scotsman," a motor-boat driven by Mr. A. W. Shillan, and an aeroplane piloted by Mr. G. R. de Havilland were in competition with one another the other day for two miles along the River Ouse. The express was picked up by the aeroplane and the motor-boat at Offord, where the river follows the railway-line for a straight two miles. It is at this point that the train reaches eighty miles an hour. The "Flying Scotsman" won. Slight bends in the river handicapped the motor-boat.



ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION BY MACHINERY: A PATIENT IN THE NEW DEVICE WHICH, BY AN INGENUOUS VARIATION OF AIR-PRESSURE, FORCES THE IN-TAKING OF BREATH. This machine performs artificial respiration for an indefinite period. To quote the "Observer": "The patient lies in comfort inside an iron tank, from which his head projects through an air-tight rubber collar. By means of electric blowers the air-pressure inside the tank is rhythmically varied at the rate of normal breathing. Every time it falls the patient's chest and lungs expand and he takes in a breath—whether he wishes to or not."

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



THE NEW COURTAULD GALLERIES OF THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, CAMBRIDGE: THE MAIN GALLERY, SHOWING THE DIVISION INTO BAYS AND SPECIAL SYSTEM OF LIGHTING. The opening of the Courtauld Galleries, recently added to the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, was arranged for June 5. They are named after the donors, Mr. William J. Courtauld, of Trinity, Mr. Stephen L. Courtauld, of King's, and Miss S. Renée Courtauld, of Newnham, who have together given £104,000. The new wing is a stately building of great architectural importance. Two of the eight galleries are being used for the exhibition of college plate. A feature is the lighting system, and division of the large picture gallery into bays (adjusting proportions to permit of lower walls).



THE QUEEN'S CONTRIBUTION TO A VICTORIAN EXHIBITION IN AID OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL: A DRAWING-ROOM CONTAINING NEEDLEWORK LENT BY HER MAJESTY.

The Queen lent many examples of needlework to the Victorian Exhibition, in aid of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, opened on June 1 at No. 23a, Bruton Street, a typical house of the period, lent for the purpose by Messrs. V. Behar, Ltd. Our photograph shows the southern aspect of the drawing-room, containing the exhibits lent by her Majesty. The house has been arranged to represent English domestic life from 1837 to 1851, and one room has been arranged by Messrs. Morris and Co. to illustrate the work of William Morris. The exhibition will continue throughout June.



RELICS OF A FAMOUS MUSICIAN: THE STOLEN SKULL OF FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN (1732-1809) ON THE PIANO WHICH HE USED FOR COMPOSING—NOW IN A MUSEUM AT VIENNA.

Haydn died in 1809. In 1820 his coffin was removed from his first burial place and re-interred at Eisenstadt, by command of Prince Esterhazy. Grove's "Dictionary of Music" says: "When the coffin was opened for identification before the removal, the skull was missing; it had been stolen two days after the funeral. The one afterwards sent to the Prince anonymously as Haydn's was buried with the other remains, but the real one was retained, and is in the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde." The card on the piano bears the name of Broadwood, London, 1775.



A GERMAN EQUIVALENT OF THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR: A NEW MONUMENT OF HONOUR RECENTLY INAUGURATED IN BERLIN.



SILENT HOMAGE OF THREE GENERATIONS AT THE PRUSSIAN MONUMENT OF HONOUR (SEEN ABOVE): A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING ITS SIZE COMPARED WITH HUMAN FIGURES.

In a letter enclosing the above two photographs, a correspondent writes to us, from Berlin, to explain that they show the new German Monument of Honour erected in the Unter den Linden. "The idea," he goes on to say, "is similar to that of the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior. The unveiling ceremony was arranged to take place on June 2. The photographs, which were taken some days before, are the only ones existing in Germany." The severe simplicity of the interior is shown in the upper illustration, while the other indicates its dimensions.

ART MATTERS: HENRI II. WARE; AND PICTURES FOR SALE AND SHOW.



HENRI II. WARE: A HANAP, WITH SATYR HANDLE AND SALAMANDER SPOUT, IN SAINT-PORCHAIRE FAIENCE (7½ IN. HIGH).

These two fine pieces of Saint-Porchaire faience (Henri II. ware) will figure in a sale at Sotheby's on June 25. The hanap displays as handle a satyr standing on a mask, and as spout a lizard, or salamander, with a gaping mouth through which the fluid is poured. The salamander, it may be added, was a favourite emblem of François I. The base of the actual dish of the fruit-dish is pierced with small holes, to permit the draining of water, or other liquid, which is ejected



A FRUIT-DISH IN HENRI II. WARE: THE SURFACE OF THE DISH, WHICH BEARS THE ARMS AND CROWN OF FRANCE, THE MONOGRAM OF THE KING, AND THE DEVICE OF DIANE DE POITIERS; AND THE PIECE AS A WHOLE (5½ IN. HIGH BY 7½ IN. WIDE).

through three spouts supported by volutes placed alternately between three lions' heads protruding at the outer edge. Upon the surface of the dish are the arms and crown of France encircled by the chain of the Order of St. Louis, around which are the initials formed of the double D and H interlaced (the monogram of Henri II.), and the three interlaced crescents (the device of Diane de Poitiers).—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby and Co.]



A VINCENT VAN GOGH TO BE SOLD IN BERLIN: "IN THE ENVIRONS OF PARIS." (53 BY 38 CM.)

The Van Gogh and the Gauguin illustrated are in the Collection of Dr. Max Emden, of Hamburg, which will be sold at Hermann Ball-Paul Graupe's on June 9. Vincent van Gogh (1853-1890), it seems superfluous to recall, is one of the most discussed of the painters of the Post-Impressionist movement. He was born at Groot-Zundert, in Brabant, son of a Calvinist pastor. For a while, Gauguin and he worked together. His brother was almost alone in believing in him during his



A PAUL GAUGUIN TO BE SOLD IN BERLIN: "A STUDY IN STILL LIFE—FLOWERS." (70 BY 53 CM.)

life-time, and gave him much aid. His end was tragic: for a year or so he worked under the shadow of insanity, and at last he shot himself. Paul Gauguin, the French painter who was one of the pioneers of the Post-Impressionist movement, was born in Paris on June 7, 1848, son of a journalist from Orleans and a mother who was partly of Peruvian descent. He took to painting in the early 'eighties. He died, in extreme need, in Dominiha, in the Marquesas, on May 9, 1903.



A SELF-PORTRAIT BY GOYA: THE SICK ARTIST ATTENDED BY HIS DOCTOR, ARRIETA.

The works here illustrated will be in the Exhibition of Spanish Masters which is to be opened in the gallery of Tomas Harris, 29, Bruton Street, on June 8. The Goya—a portrait of the artist while attended by his doctor—bears the inscription in Spanish: "Goya thanking his friend Arrieta for the ability and careful attention with which he saved his life in his acute and

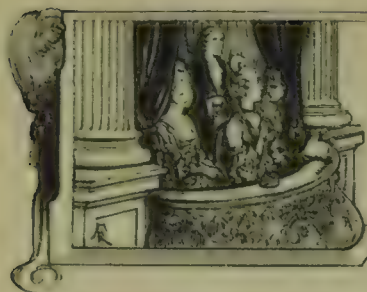


"DON JUAN"—DON JUAN DE MARANA—BY JUAN DE VALDES-LEAL (1630-1691).



BY VELASQUEZ: A PORTRAIT OF GONGORA, A WRITER OF "ULTRA-FASHIONABLE" POETRY.

dangerous illness, suffered at the end of the year 1819, at the age of seventy-three. Painted in 1820." Gongora had a very considerable reputation in his day as a writer of ultra-fashionable and extravagant poetry. Juan de Valdes-Leal painted the "Don Juan" while he was in the employ of Marana, decorating la Caridad, Seville.



The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



MARY PICKFORD.

EVER since Miss Mary Pickford conquered the world—a surprisingly long time ago—with her impersonations of sentimental if rather hoydenish youth, a loyal public has been ready to welcome



"RANGO," AT THE PLAZA: TUA, THE FATHER OF RANGO, WHOSE CAREER IS AKIN TO THAT OF ALI, THE TIGER-HUNTER, FATHER OF BIN.

her every appearance on the screen. When the World's Sweetheart cut off her curls in obedience to fashion, the news swept through the newspapers from Hollywood to Timbuctoo, and the coiffeur's scissors became a symbol of calamity. Her shorn locks accepted, another ordeal arrived in the shape of the talking film. It must be confessed that her first essay in the new medium, "Coquette," tried the fidelity of her most ardent admirers—at least, those endowed with discrimination, for her voice had not yet attuned itself to the delicate mechanism of the microphone, and the Southern accent she adopted blurred her diction. Nor did her very personal and shrill attack of Shakespeare's tempestuous Kate in "The Taming of the Shrew" à la Hollywood entirely allay our apprehensions. Yet the glamour of Mary Pickford's name and personality still holds. Her career is still watched with interest; her *premières* are still an event to which filmgoers flock, a few of them prepared to be disappointed, in that subconscious and somewhat morbid state of mind that seeks gratification in the falling of an idol, but most of them honestly anxious to find their favourite still firmly ensconced on her throne.

And that is as it should be. For Mary Pickford is part of screen history. Her art is purely kinematic; she thinks and expresses herself in terms of the screen. Moreover, she serves her public with no less a loyalty than that which it brings to her efforts. Shrewd and intelligent, she keeps her finger on the pulse of the people. From recent interviews with this indefatigable little "star," it is apparent that she recognises, and has prepared to meet, a growing sophistication in the form of entertainment demanded by modern audiences. And as her technique is a rock on which she may build as her fancy dictates, there remains a wide scope for her experiments. But she does her own art less than justice by deliberately entering a field of low comedy in which any pert and pretty *comédienne*, provided she possessed Miss Pickford's inexhaustible vitality, could do as well.

"Kiki," the French farce which has already served its turn on the stage and on the screen, may be an example of Miss Pickford's virtuosity, but it never for a moment calls into play the best that is in her. In choosing it, the actress was probably swayed by that desire to plunge into sophistication already referred to. There can be no doubt as to

the cleverness of her burlesque, for the noisy, vulgar, aggressive little chorus-girl, with her French accent, her ridiculous clothes, her bare-faced pursuit and terrorising of a man who is literally bullied into surrender, is sheer burlesque from beginning to end. The earlier episode wherein, as a member of the chorus supporting the leading lady, Kiki effectually and farcically ruins a song and dance number, is handled with an amusing audacity and mock earnestness. But later the play becomes an affair of lungs, legs, and lingerie, "put over" on a sustained note of temperamental tantrums. Miss Pickford throws herself gallantly into this turbulent, frothy vortex, but there is in her a finer quality which is at war with the blatancy of it all. Just now and again it peeps out in a touch of pathetic timidity, in the smile that obliterates the termagant's eternal pout, in a little droop of momentary defeat. It is this quality that the actress should preserve, this play of inner emotions



"RANGO," AT THE PLAZA: RANGO, THE YOUNG ORANG-UTAN, SON OF TUA.

"Rango," a remarkable Paramount moving picture, was due at the Plaza on June 5. As we noted when publishing tiger studies from it in our issue of May 23, its story concerns Tua, an old orang-utan, and Rango, his two-year-old son, creatures whose life-story is closely paralleled by that of Ali, a Malayan tiger-hunter, and Bin, his little son. The tiger is the common enemy. The scene is the Sumatran jungle.

Reproductions by Courtesy of Paramount.

that illuminated her earlier work for the silent screen. Let her attempt any break-away from "Little Annie Rooney" and the rest within the sphere of her undiminished powers and her perennial youthfulness; the world is still agog for her pictures. She has gained control of her voice, and even in her high-pitched Kiki sounds an occasional deeper note—sparingly used, alas!—that augurs well for the future. In mercy, then, to those of us who are not to be put off with the glitter of tinsel where we look for gold, I would beg Miss Pickford to restore to her armoury the keener, truer weapons that are hers.

"BEN HUR" REVIVED—WITH SOUND.

Some five or six years ago, Mr. Fred Niblo's silent

"classic" drew crowded audiences to the Tivoli for fifty-one consecutive weeks—a record that no "talkie" has yet achieved. But I suspect that if this original success is repeated, or even approached, by the present revival at the same theatre, it will be because the film still remains unchallenged in the field of spectacular attainment. Synchronised sound and musical accompaniment have added little or nothing to a picture in which kinematic virility, expressed in terms of dramatic visual appeal, rides rough-shod over such minor details as human personality and the ability (or otherwise) of individual players. It is true that now we hear the rending crash of battering-rams as the pirate vessels charge the Roman galleons; the beating, maddening monotone of the hammer that sets the rhythm and the pace for the slave-manned oars; the awe-inspiring rumble of chariot-wheels; the tearing, demoniac thudding of horses' hoofs; the plaudits and the groans of the audience in the vast arena—these last far less impressive than the sight of tier upon tier of figures that sway and surge in the excitement of the race with the galvanised precision of a huge automaton.

Yet so sure, so often splendid, and so ruthless is Mr. Niblo's understanding and control of essentially kinematic technique that all these sounds are as implicit in his visualisations as they are now explicit to the ear. To close one's hearing against the noises of the big spectacular scenes takes nothing from them. The unendurable fury of the racing chariot-wheels comes at one still, through sight alone, so that one shrinks before their onslaught. The straining torsos of the drivers are as loud in their silent frenzy of movement as the cracking of the whirling whips. What we hear in actuality is a negligible adjunct. What we see is an unrivalled expression of the compulsion of the silent screen.

That Mr. Niblo's kinematic craftsmanship is independent of such fortuitous accessories is further demonstrated by the fact that the bringing of sound to some of the less spectacular sequences is in the nature of an intrusion, a fact that is partly due to the incompleteness of the additions and results in extremely patchy audible impressions. Though trumpets blow, crowds cheer and vociferate, yet the legions march without any clink of armour; there is no sound at the unsheathing of a sword; great doors close in absolute silence. Sandalled feet are rightly noiseless on the cobble-stones; but why no sound of horses' hoofs, or of those of the ass on which Mary rode to the dust-stricken cave at Bethlehem? Then, too, the volume of human voices is strangely out of proportion to the size of the crowds producing it—a technical weakness that serves to throw the pictorial power of the film into sharper relief. Effects no more artificial, and, in regard to mechanical sounds, quite as adequate, can and have been obtained by well-handled orchestras and "properties" in individual kinemas.



"RANGO," AT THE PLAZA: A BLACK LEOPARD THAT FIGURES IN THE FILM.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. OLD FURNITURE IN NEW BOND STREET.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THERE are two major mistakes that can be made in arranging a show of furniture: one can choose the exhibits without a due regard to quality, and, in the endeavour to provide a comprehensive review of a period, one can overcrowd a gallery or series of galleries—with the result that the visitor is unable to look carefully at a particular piece without having his eyes distracted by its neighbour. This last is a fault which is far too prevalent at charity shows, and is by no means absent from museums. The annual exhibition at Messrs. Mallett

like the better sort of contemporary Continental furniture, is in walnut. It comes from Hinton Abbey, near Bath, and must have been made to commemorate the marriage of Thomas Shaa, descendant of Sir John Shaa, knighted at Bosworth by Henry VII., with Mary Hungerford, daughter of Lord Hungerford, who was executed for treason in 1541. The lion corner legs support shields on which are carried the modified arms of Thomas Shaa and of the various families which his wife numbered among her ancestors. All round the frame is a frieze of foliage and masks, and the two centre legs of the six contain niches in each of which stands a carved female figure.

A very good piece of a different category is No. 121—a lacquer cabinet of about 1680 on its contemporary silver-gilt stand, with a crown to match. The red, gold, and black of the lacquer is delightful: so is the stand, with its cupids, scrolls, and foliage. A collector's piece *par excellence*: note the Carolean liking for elaboration, an echo of the France of Louis XIV., and the pleasant passion for silver, which is, of course, found on mirror and picture frames as well, though rarely in such a fine untouched condition as in the present example. Cabinet-makers gave of their best to do honour to this newly-introduced method from the Far East, and it is beside the point to imagine the astonishment of the Chinese at what they would unquestionably have considered the remarkable incongruity of cabinet and stand.

A pair of arm-chairs, two single chairs, and a double-back settee of about 1710 form a notable group which illustrates what we vaguely term "Queen Anne style" at its distinguished best

(Fig. 2). Here are superb craftsmanship and easy-flowing design. The vase-shaped backs are veneered with finely-figured wood; the top rails are carved with shells; the tops of the cabriole legs are carved with shells;

and there is a shell in front below the frame. In incompetent hands the cabriole fashion can be coarse and heavy: in these examples it is sturdy and at the same time refined. The needlework of the seats is very pleasant—figures, dragons, flowers, and animals worked in petit-point on a pale-blue gros-point ground.



2. "QUEEN ANNE STYLE" AT ITS DISTINGUISHED BEST: TWO PIECES OF A SUITE OF CHAIRS AND A SETTEE OF ABOUT 1710 EXHIBITED BY MESSRS. MALLET.

The vase-shaped backs of these chairs are veneered with finely-figured wood; the top rails are carved with shells; on the cabriole legs are carved shells; and there is a shell in front below the frame. The needlework of the seats shows figures, dragons, flowers, and animals worked in petit-point on a pale-blue gros-point ground.

and Sons, New Bond Street, avoids—and always has avoided—both these defects. One is immediately struck by the arrangement of the rooms—a sober, quiet juxtaposition of very varied examples (varied, that is, in character and period, but not in intrinsic merit), and by the solid qualities of craftsmanship and design in this obviously carefully selected exhibition. There is a very helpful catalogue which has the virtue of giving the essential details without unnecessary adjectives. (Be it noted that not all business firms are so clever as to avoid the charge of undue self-praise.)

It will be apparent from the above that this show is worth a visit. The entrance fee is one shilling, and this goes to the National Art-Collections Fund. A note of this length can do little more than remark upon one or two of the more remarkable pieces, but it is only reasonable to point out that, for the benefit of those whose pockets or tastes do not admit of enthusiasm over great rarities, there is a room full of high standard but less exceptional examples of a kind to grace any house and warm the heart of any owner who does not aspire to the literally unique.

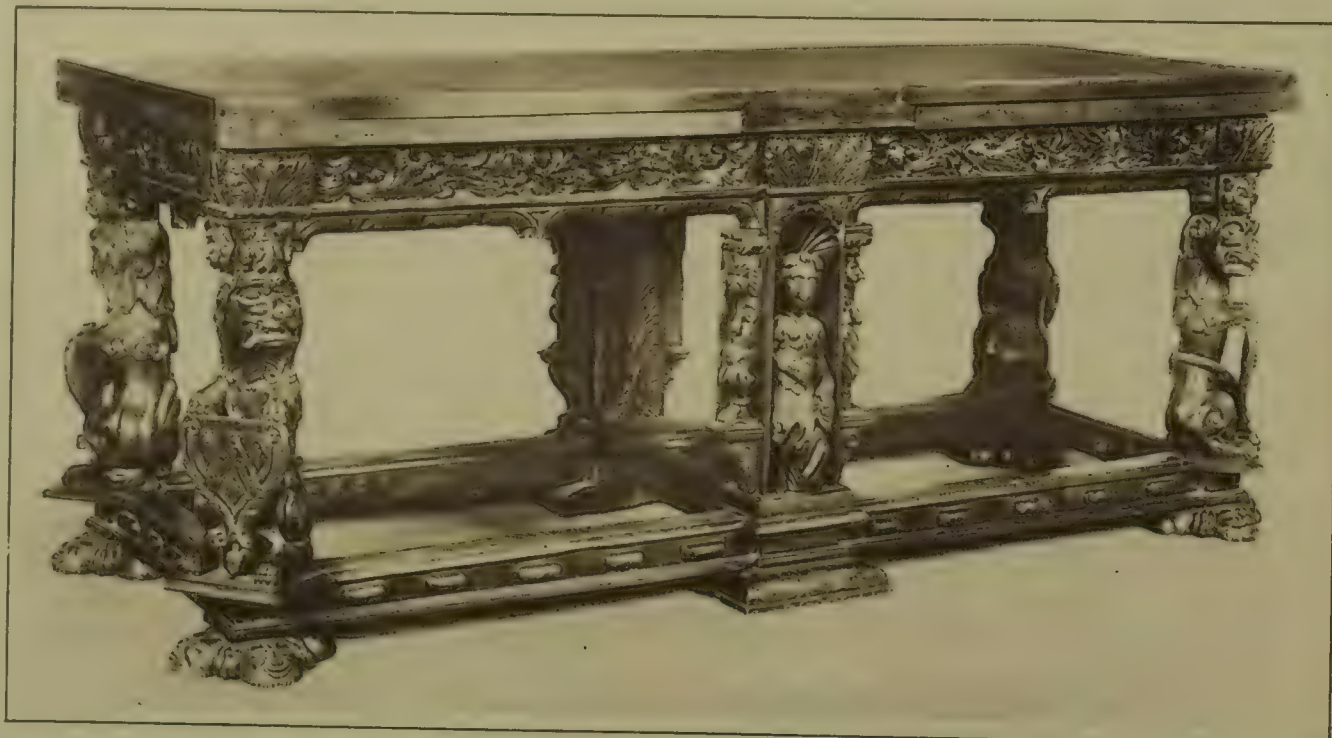
The most important thing in the show is no doubt the fine table of Fig. 3. This is important: first because of its high quality, and secondly because of its pedigree, which is given in detail in the catalogue. It dates from about 1600, is of excellent proportions, and is in the best tradition of the Renaissance. As everybody knows, nearly all English furniture of the period is made of oak: this,



1. A TANKARD OF ABOUT 1600 WITH NECK-BAND AND FOOT OF ENGRAVED SILVER, AND A COVER SURMOUNTED BY A LION SEJANT: A GEM OF THE DISPLAY OF OLD SILVER IN THE EXHIBITION OF OLD ENGLISH SILVER AND FURNITURE AT MESSRS. MALLET'S.

An important book-case of about 1740 is No. 9: not everybody's taste, perhaps, but extremely interesting with its three mirrored doors, its elaborate scrolls and mouldings, and its architectural upper part. A complicated and ingenious and beautifully-made example of a distinctly ponderous period.

A feature of these exhibitions is always the silver. Once again the two show-cases which contain it will surprise visitors who do not expect examples of such importance in an exhibition primarily devoted to furniture. It is not so unusual to meet with excellent eighteenth-century pieces, but the seventeenth century is a different matter. There are some delightful porringers and beakers, many of them engraved with the arms of the original owner, and also that very rare thing, a tankard (Fig. 1) of about 1600, engraved in admirable taste.



3. AN ELIZABETHAN DRAW-TABLE IN WALNUT; DATING FROM ABOUT 1600, AND BEARING THE ARMS OF THOMAS SHAA AND THOSE OF HIS WIFE'S ANCESTORS: AN OUTSTANDING PIECE AT MESSRS. MALLET AND SONS' ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE AND SILVER IN NEW BOND STREET.

This remarkably fine table was probably made to commemorate the marriage of Thomas Shaa, descendant of the Sir John Shaa who was knighted on Bosworth Field by Henry VII., with Mary Hungerford, daughter of Lord Hungerford (executed for treason in 1541). The lion corner legs support shields on which are carved the modified arms of Thomas Shaa and of the various families his wife numbered among her ancestors. The table, unlike most English furniture of the period, is in walnut, not in oak. [Photographs reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Mallett and Sons, 40, New Bond Street.]

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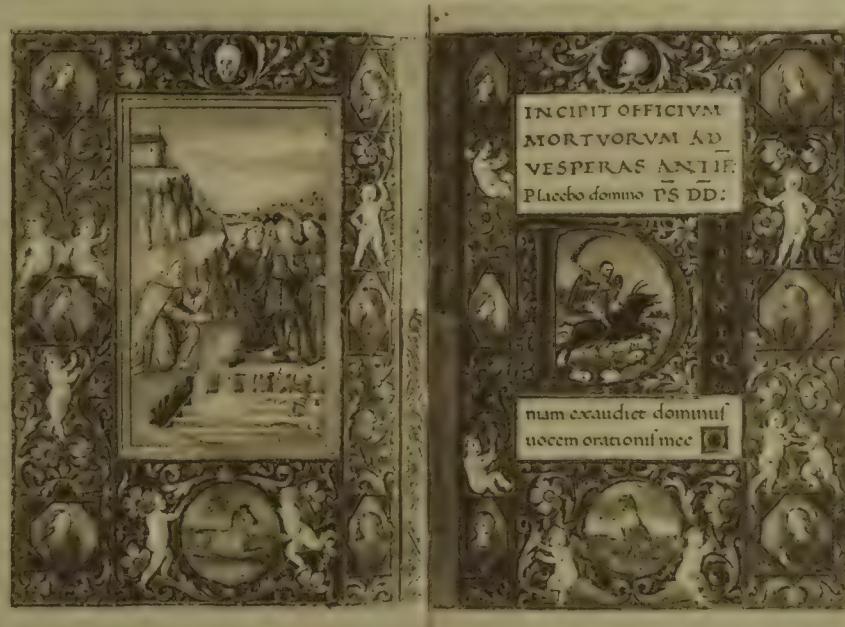
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ART; AUCTION-ROOMS; AND THE SCIENTIFIC APPROACH.

IT is possible to discover a host of reasons for the acquisition of works of art. Some, for example, buy because they have, quite frankly, a passion for possession; others because they like to demonstrate their good taste; others because they realise that an article of a certain quality and character is, from the point of view of the long-headed and far-seeing, a solid and nearly immovable rock in a world of shifting values. In the eyes of the philosopher,

The last one has at least the merit of solid horse-sense. It is true that beautiful things decrease in value far less than things that are not so beautiful. The ebb and flow of taste and fashion in collecting has occasionally brought many a once much-lauded painter to auction-room disgrace; but time and the gradual education of the would-be connoisseur have generally exalted the works of the really great until they can be quite literally looked upon as gilt-edged securities. Nothing has been more striking during the present auction season than the way in which outstanding items, whether pictures, furniture, tapestries, or porcelain, have invariably confuted the pessimists by reaching a price that is within 25 per cent. of what would be given for the same article in boom times. Again and again it has been amply demonstrated in recent months that good money is always forthcoming for a work of art that is out of the ordinary: it was difficult to remember that, according to statistics of unimpeachable authenticity, the whole world is suffering from acute depression when the Alexander collection of Chinese porcelain came up at Sotheby's a few weeks ago, and it is entirely safe to prophesy that a similar phenomenon will be observed at Christie's next week at the Hirsch dispersal. World affairs are, no doubt, in a bad way, and stockbrokers, it is said, are travelling third class on the railways, but, none the less, the oddly stimulating atmosphere of the great London auction-rooms has not lost its potency.

But, when all is said and done, there is only one reason that can justify the purchase of a work of art, and that is one's own personal appreciation of it—and here the poor man has, perhaps, some advantage over the rich, for he is less troubled by the opinions of others and is often able to pick up some very charming little objects right under the noses of the experts, for it is a common experience that the things which give one the most pleasure are not always those that have cost the most money, but those which have been acquired when the other fellow wasn't looking.

But there is, in addition to the pleasure of possessing one or two good pieces of furniture and one or two authentic old or modern masters, and maybe the right sort of silver and the right sort of porcelain, a fascination in the pursuit of information



THE MADONNA AND CHILD WITH THE INFANT ST. JOHN: A PARTICULARLY INTERESTING WORK BY PIERO DI COSIMO WHICH PROBABLY DATES FROM 1500.

Piero di Cosimo, a Florentine, flourished between 1462 and 1521. The picture reproduced came to Messrs. J. Leger and Son from the Collection of Prince Demidoff di San Donato.

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about such things which, happily, does not depend upon personal ownership. To embark upon the detailed study of almost any department of art is to open up for oneself new country whose air becomes more and more stimulating as one laboriously clears away the undergrowth of one's ignorance. It is not easy, for example, to see a picture which one admires without wanting to know what manner of man it was that painted it—and from that starting-point one is inevitably enticed along until not only the individual painter, but his times and his surroundings,

[Continued overleaf.]



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these are poor reasons for right action, but, as human nature remains sublimely illogical, they are reasons that continue to influence a great multitude of people.

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(Continued.)

stand out vividly against the background of the past, so that the casual liking for a work of art has brought with it new horizons before one has had time to realise their extent. If the immediate appeal of a fine picture or a fine piece of porcelain is to the eye alone, and one's first reaction is purely sensuous, there comes later an intellectual stimulus which is of less consequence but by no means less pleasurable. One can, indeed, argue that a man is



"RIVA DEL SCHIAVONE, VENICE."—BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-1793).

This picture is in the collection of Mr. A. de Casseres, who, it is opportune to note, is moving from 3, St. James's Street, where he has been for many years, and is going to 157a, New Bond Street. At this new address, he is having an exhibition of fine works by English and Dutch masters.

not as old as his arteries, but old only in proportion to his capacity for pursuing a proper understanding of art; and, as real knowledge can never admit of finality, there is no reason why a man should not be able to remain perpetually young until his last breath.

One would imagine, for example, that everything that could be written about Rembrandt had already been written, and that future theories about that profoundly moving painter could scarcely be more than a rehash of the old. Yet there suddenly appears a letter in the *Times* from Professor Laurie suggesting that it is possible that the many unusually brilliant passages in the work of a dozen of his contemporaries or pupils may be due to Rembrandt's own brush, as the master visited his friends and, on the spur of the moment, showed them how a particular high light could be slashed in—and, moreover, that photo-micrography can prove without a shadow of doubt that this was the case. Dr. Laurie may be mistaken—but that is not the point, nor is this the place to argue the matter. What is interesting is that here we have a claim that, by purely scientific methods, a possibility that has been long suspected is capable of definite proof, and at once the average lover of the Dutch seventeenth-century painters, even if he is no specialist, can approach his subject from a slightly different angle.

This is a theory that has yet to be tested and proved. In the meantime, a very old problem has recently been finally solved by a brilliant and convincing work by that excellent Belgian connoisseur, M. Emile Renders. For many years, the learned world has been intrigued by the apparent impossibility of classifying in their proper category various early works of the



"LE MARCHAND DE GUI."—BY PABLO PICASSO.

A very important exhibition of works by Picasso—"Thirty Years of Pablo Picasso"—is being held at the Lefèvre Galleries, of Messrs. Alex. Reid and Lefèvre, 1a, King Street, St. James's, and will certainly attract great attention. None interested in modern art will wish to miss it. The Foreword of the Catalogue

(Continued opposite.)

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fifteenth-century Flemish painters which have been attributed in the past sometimes to Rogier van der Weyden, sometimes to Campin, and sometimes to an unknown master who, for want of a better name, has been called "The Master of Flémalle." (These names will no doubt be familiar to every reader of this paper who visited the Flemish Exhibition at Burlington House some years ago.) What is not generally



TO BE SEEN IN ST. JAMES'S STREET: "GLOUCESTER AT SOMERSET, AUGUST 1831."

This unusually interesting sporting picture, which is here reproduced by courtesy of Sir J. J. Colman, Bt., is now to be seen at the Galleries of Messrs. Leggatt Brothers, at 30, St. James's Street, S.W.1. An inscription on the canvas reads: "Gloucester at Somerset, August 1831," and it has been suggested that the ground is that of W. G. Grace's old club, the Lansdowne, near Bath, then the chief Somerset cricket club. In that case, it is likely that Gloucester would be represented either by the Kingscote Club or the Cliftons. This, however, is but surmise, and definite information would be welcomed.

known is that this seemingly innocuous and purely scientific problem became the basis of a fantastic political campaign, in which the French-speaking Walloons of S. Belgium endeavoured for years to claim



"LES DEUX SŒURS,"—BY PABLO PICASSO. asks: "Who is Picasso and what is he? We all know that he was the son of a professor of drawing, and was born in Malaga in 1881. We know that he came to Paris in 1900, and has spent the greater part of his life there ever since." The main question is answered by the characteristic works shown.

"Baigneuse"). But, whatever your reactions to this exhibition, it will certainly make you analyse your attitude to art—and the man who does that is in a fair way to enjoy life. Equally exciting is an exhibition of Spanish paintings at 29, Bruton Street.

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Australian and Italian Landscapes by Norman Lloyd, May 21st to June 6th. Oil Paintings and Watercolour Drawings by Edward Ardizzone, June 15th to 30th.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Of all the functions of the year, excluding the Derby, more cars are congregated together for the Aldershot Searchlight Tattoo than for any other event. Some people are of the opinion that Ascot runs it very closely. However, motorists will be glad to learn that the R.A.C. has again been entrusted with the parking arrangements at the Tattoo. It should be noted that an additional performance of the Tattoo is being given this year on Saturday, June 13, the other performances being on Tuesday to Saturday, June 16 to 20. The R.A.C. are also in charge of the car parks at the Royal Show at Warwick this year, which takes place from July 7 to 11.

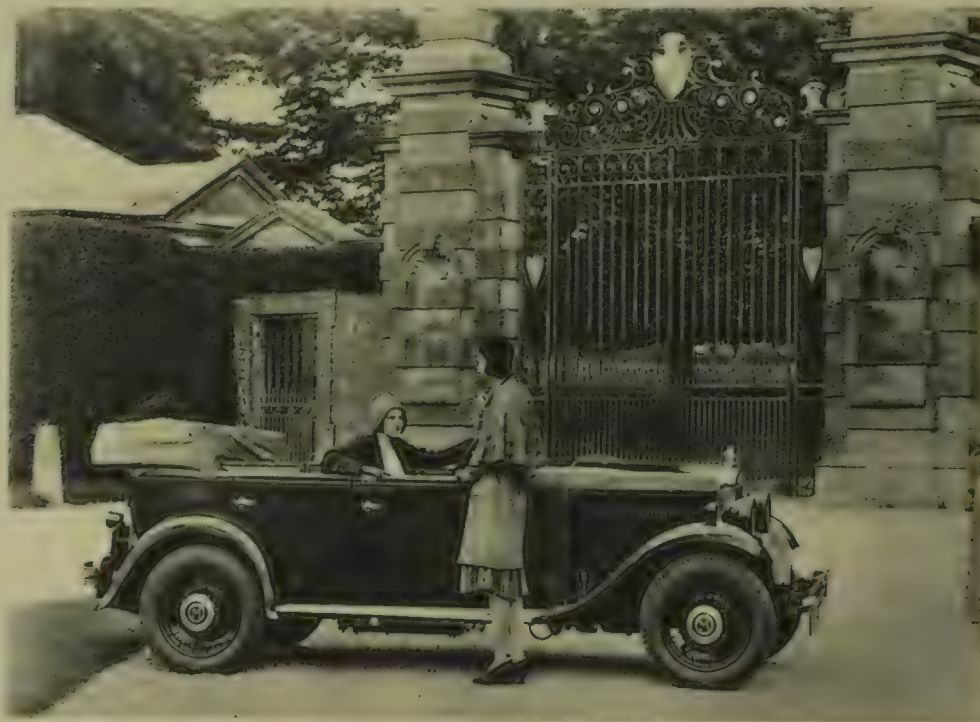
Motorists who wish to reserve positions or require further information in regard to these parks for either or both these functions, should write or apply to the Secretary, R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1. The club also had charge of the parking arrangements at the Southern Command Horse Show at Tidworth Park. This was an excellently managed business, and the R.A.C. road guides were most courteous and efficient to visitors with cars. On that occasion, the R.A.C. erected direction signs on the approach roads to the arena, at the invitation of the local constabulary and the military police, which greatly simplified matters for drivers.

co-operation with Morris Motors, Ltd. The wiper, which has a split felt centre, can be conveniently fixed to the radiator tie-rod. When the oil level is to be tested, instead of a last-minute search for a bit of rag, cotton-waste, or even stray paper, all that is necessary to clean the dipstick of the oil clinging to it is to push it through the wiper. Then, when clean, the operator can put the dipstick into

Dunlop Shoes ;
Cars and Folk.

It is necessary in these days of fierce trade competition to have more than one string to the bow, and likewise utilise products so that there is no waste. An example of this is the Dunlop Rubber Co. Most people think of them only as shoemakers for cars in producing the tyres famous all over the world. As a matter of fact, they make as many, if not more, shoes for people's feet than they do for the wheels of the self-propelled vehicles and aircraft. A recent visit paid to the Dunlop factory at Walton, near Liverpool, found overtime being worked in producing Dunlop sports shoes at the rate of 150,000 pairs per week, in an attempt to win this shoe trade for Great Britain. Last year, I was informed, 14,320,960 pairs of rubber footwear were imported to England from abroad. That represents a loss of work to 1075 mill workers for a full year in Lancashire, where the uppers for the British shoes are made. Last year's imports of rubber-soled shoes would give work to 6000 operatives in Lancashire. Already, the Dunlop mills are extending to take in at least 500 more workers, and possibly 1000 extra hands in time. Therefore, British subjects should ask for Dunlop sports shoes wherever they are living, to help Lancashire workers find jobs in this business if they cannot find employment in other fabric factories in that county of cotton goods. Two girls in this Dunlop factory spend all their day in walking the district, testing foot-

wear on all sorts of roads in all kinds of weather. They tramp twelve miles daily and six or eight on Saturdays, checked by a pedometer. Starting at nine in the morning, these two damsels walk until half-past five in the afternoon. When one sample pair of shoes or boots has been tested in this manner over a distance of 500 miles, the batch is regarded as satisfactory.



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the sump, withdraw it, and be certain that it gives the true reading of the oil level in that chamber. The clip attached to the wiper is rubber-lined, so that, when gripped by its screw to the radiator tie-rod, there is no chance of its causing a rattling noise by the vibration of the rod, and this ingenious contrivance cannot fail to be appreciated by motorists.

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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL READER.

MR. MOTTRAM and Herr Remarque are authors who made their names by novels about the war. To Mr. Mottram it was a terrible but still a possible mode of existence; Herr Remarque was concerned to show its "frightfulness": in his pages the conditions of warfare are not only anti-human, they are anti-human; the current of life is reversed, flows back upon itself. Gigantic as the episode was, Mr. Mottram contrived to find a setting for it; if he did not manage to assimilate it into his philosophy, he enclosed it in a framework of art; he related it to the past and the future. To Herr Remarque the war was the one reality, different in kind from other forms of human experience.



MR. R. H. MOTTRAM,
AUTHOR OF "CASTLE ISLAND."

With the passing of years, Mr. Mottram has been able to put the war further and further in the background; in the perspective of his memory it does not bulk unduly large. Indeed, it has been obscured, almost superseded, by other less sensational recollections: the history of a family of East Anglian bankers, for instance. Most novelists treat life episodically; Mr. Mottram's art thrives upon continuity; like the builders of the Gothic cathedrals, he preserves, when he can, every fragment of previous structures. In "Castle Island" he traces the history of Stephen Dormer from his childhood, spent in the large red house over the Bank in Easthampton, through a series of episodes, of which the war is one, down to the present day and beyond it into the future. During this period the things Mr. Mottram cherishes—the characteristic provincial life of an East Anglian town, solid, cautious, slow, but nourishing and invigorating to individual and community alike—suffer diminution and are threatened with extinction; and his hero's life, regarded from the standpoint of material prosperity, declines too. But "Castle Island" is not exactly a sad book. Mr. Mottram's mind acquiesces in change, though his affections regret it. "He must needs be very impatient," says Sir Thomas Browne, "who would repine at death in the society of all things that suffer under it." Mr. Mottram is not impatient. Even in decay he is aware of the germinative stir from which will arise new forms, satisfactory, no doubt, to posterity, if alien to us. His book is rich with the hues

of autumn, but there is the promise of new buds to replace the fallen leaves.

"The Road Back" is, by comparison, harsh, violent, and sterile. Herr Remarque's subject is Germany immediately after the war—Germany as it appeared to a handful of soldiers returned from the Front. They came back, if not exactly full of hope, at least possessed by an appreciable, if unformulated, elation. Alas! it was soon to be dashed. They found themselves in the air. By a violent effort of will they had adapted themselves to war conditions; now their capacity for readjustment was exhausted. They could not acclimatise themselves; even the sense of solidarity which had supported them in the war was taken away. They longed for action; but when they tried to express themselves in action, they made themselves futile or ridiculous. Their nearest and dearest could not understand them; the protagonist's mother was grieved and bewildered by the change in her son's character. Once they managed to pay off an old score; they gave a beating to an innkeeper against whom, when he was a non-commissioned officer in the war, they had a grievance. But, instead of being a just and glorious revenge, it seemed a silly and theatrical breach of the peace.



AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM MY HOME":
MR. SACHEVERELL SITWELL—WITH HIS WIFE.

Everything, for these poor ex-soldiers, was at sixes and sevens. Faith, hope, and charity were excluded from their lives; they lacked background, they had no orientation for their efforts. Hope begins to glimmer in the last few pages, but it is very like an *ignis fatuus* playing over a marsh. There are plenty of good things in "The Road Back," but, like many German novels, it is lacking in humanity; it pays too little heed to the truths of experience; it makes no allowance for the tendency of humanity to find a line of least resistance; it does not sufficiently realise how powerful are habit and custom to overcome mental and emotional restlessness.

"Treasures on Earth" is a problem-novel. Ought Bruce Kettering, a young clergyman with a brilliant career opening out before him, to have neglected his wife in the interests of the "Fund" he was trying to raise for much-needed improvements in his parish? It was a great temptation, for a rich man had promised to give a very large sum on condition that an equal amount was raised by subscription. To do him justice, Bruce did not see the "Fund" as a temptation. He was an unimaginative man, and he could not understand why his brother-in-law hated the "Fund" and everything connected with it. It seemed his plain duty to raise the money with the least possible delay, for a time-limit was attached to the magnate's offer. Alas! another time-limit entered into the situation; his wife was with child, and the strain was beginning to tell on her. The two couples who shared the flat—the Ketterings and the Hancocks—who had lived in perfect harmony, were set by the ears. When Mary's baby is born dead, the crisis comes. Mr. David Stewart extracts every ounce of dramatic tension from his admirably contrived situation; "Treasures Upon Earth" is a remarkably fine first novel.

"Star Dust" will inevitably evoke comparison with Lady Eleanor Smith's "Red Wagon," and, though the test is severe, I think it will emerge with colours flying. The heroine, Georgy Dufay, could ride any sort of horse; even Aldebaran, the "killer," allowed himself to be mastered by her. Together, woman and horse achieved in America triumphs greater than any Georgy had known in England or in France. (Mr. Murray follows the career of the circus in these three countries.) Her position, even when not on horseback, was a precarious one. She had a

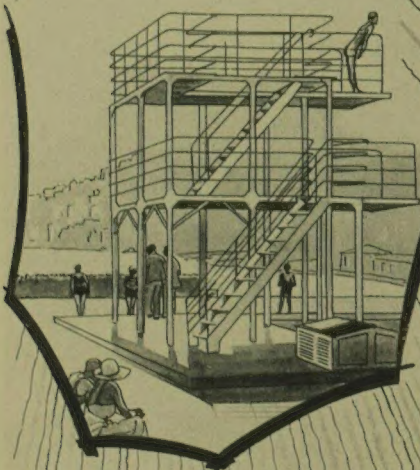
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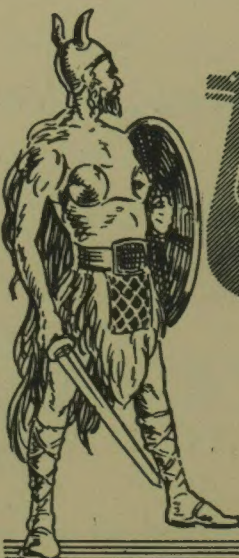
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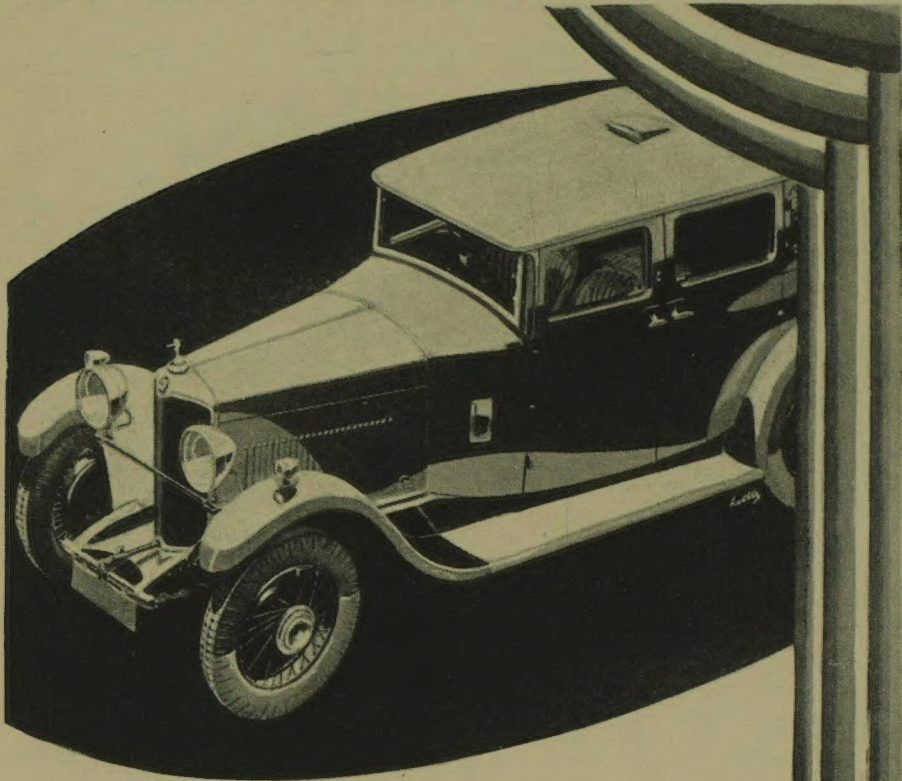
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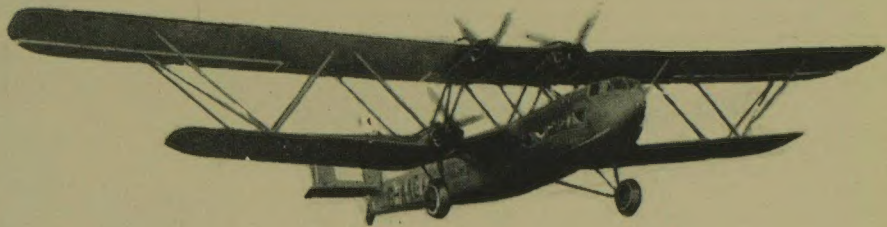
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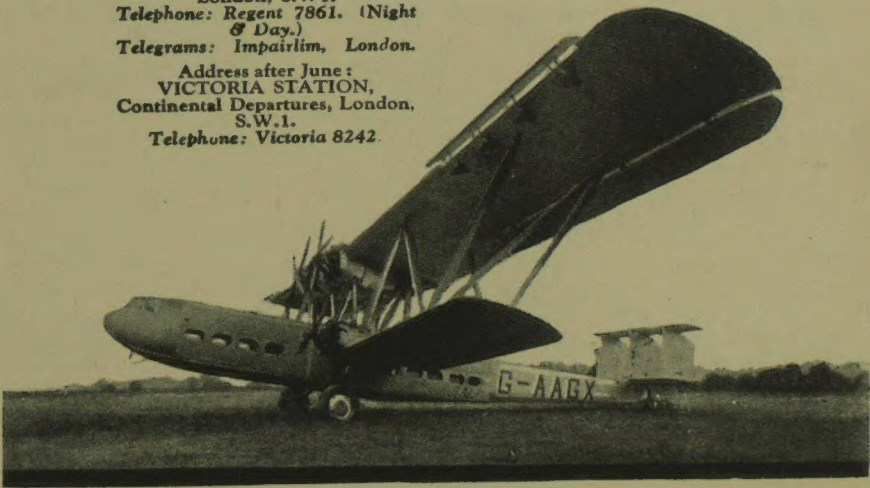
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(Continued.)

husband whom she despised; a relentless enemy in the acrobat, Joe Rixen; and, in Darrell Carless, the man she loved, a tormenting vision of seemingly unattainable happiness. Mr. Murray writes with a gusto almost unparalleled among modern novelists. His command of dialect and slang is astonishing; he gets the maximum "kick" out of every sentence, and yet his book gives no impression of artificial vitality. It is a brilliant affair.

The stories in "Far From My Home" are not brilliant in the sense that they glitter and sparkle and abound with life. They are written in a low tone, with sympathy, insight, and imagination, but with very little *joie de vivre*. Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell chooses passive, not active, characters; defeatists who can still wince and writhe beneath the spur of circumstance, but who can only repine at, or possibly defy, their destiny; they cannot control or mould it. Though they come from different walks of life, play in a band at street corners for a few coppers, or visit at noble houses, they are all alike "homeless"; there is no correspondence between their actual circumstances and the unattainable region where their desires dwell. Sometimes the discrepancy is obvious enough, a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence; at other times the maladjustment is more subtle. The stories are utterly unforced—too unforced, some might think—and they have beautiful qualities, sincerity, simplicity, restraint. Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's first venture into the art of fiction is a decided success.

As their titles suggest, "The Good Earth," by Miss Pearl Buck, and "The Earth Told Me," by Mr. Thames Williamson, are novels which draw their inspiration from the soil. The scene of the first is laid in China; of the second, in Alaska. The first is the earthier of the two. The central figure is a Chinese farmer who, from small beginnings, becomes a prosperous man, blessed with a large family. To the Western mind, Miss Buck's presentation

MISS KAY STRAHAN,
AUTHOR OF "OCTOBER HOUSE."

of Oriental habits of life and thought is both enthralling and convincing. Wang Lung's nature seems far from simple until we begin to understand the rules by which it works; then it is revealed to be consistent and, on the whole, admirable. O-lan, his wife, once a slave in the

"great house" near by, is a touching figure and a pattern for wives in all countries. Miss Buck's imagination is reinforced by a knowledge of China which seems limitless. Her sense of humour is acute and (unlike that of some novelists who make China their subject) always well under control.



MR. THAMES WILLIAMSON,
AUTHOR OF "THE EARTH TOLD ME."

Mr. Williamson's Alaskan Indians are, of course, less sophisticated than the Chinese; at times, we feel we are not reading about human beings, but about some strange kind of animal. "The Earth Told Me" is a novel of situation. Three characters contribute to the drama—Taliak, the owner of a herd of reindeer; Orulo, his wife, and Akpek, his apprentice, who has imbibed foreign notions at a mission school. They all live together in one hut. It is a long time before Taliak realises that his wife and his apprentice are becoming fond of each other; when he does realise it, he revenges himself on the apprentice in a peculiarly horrible fashion: Edgar Allan Poe could have conceived nothing more dreadful than Akpek's end. No wonder the wretched man returned to haunt his murderer's deer! Mr. Williamson's book is more of a *tour-de-force* than Miss Buck's; it is not so satisfying to the mind, but it thrills the imagination.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Castle Island. By R. H. Mottram. (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.)
The Road Back. By Erich Maria Remarque. (Putnam; 7s. 6d.)
Treasures Upon Earth. By David Stewart. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
Star Dust. By D. L. Murray. (Constable; 7s. 6d.)
Far From My Home. By Sacheverell Sitwell. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.)
The Good Earth. By Pearl S. Buck. (Methuen; 7s. 6d.)
The Earth Told Me. By Thames Williamson. (Harrop; 7s. 6d.)
The Apostate. By Vladimir Lidin. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)
Evening Light. By Hugh de Selincourt. (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.)
Imperial Treasure. By Val Gielgud. (Constable; 7s. 6d.)
October House. By Kay Strahan. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)

After China and Alaska comes Russia—Russia red in tooth and claw. "The Apostate," however, though it treats of Russia under the Bolsheviks, is almost free from executions and tortures, private or official, with only one murder and one suicide. Kiril is a raw youth, sensitive, unbalanced, and easily led. His tougher-minded friend, Sverbeev, has no great difficulty in enticing him from the paths of Bolshevik virtue. Chelisev had injured Kiril; Chelisev was rich; Chelisev must die. To do Kiril justice, one must admit that the murder was the result of a moment's madness. Still, he was an unsatisfactory youth; even the Bolshevik tradition in which he was trained could not make a good job of him.

It is comforting to return to the sweetness of Victorian England, to noble thoughts and civilised emotions. Mr. Hugh de Selincourt gives us plenty of both through the medium of his heroine, the peerless Susan Rivarol, and her correspondents, Owen Mansfield and Tom Mair, two typical intellectuals of the epoch. But when Mair realised the latitude of his idol's views upon love, his letters to her ceased, and when they were resumed, sounded a sterner note. Susan, though clearly a woman of parts, is so much praised that the reader becomes impatient with her, a little impatient, too, with the general atmosphere of high-mindedness which pervades the whole of "Evening Light."

"Imperial Treasure" is an adventure story into which

Mr. Val Gielgud has pressed the greatest possible number of sensational ingredients: the Bolshevik Peril, the Yellow Peril, secret agents of various nationalities representing powerful and sinister interests, adventurers playing for their own hands. But ten million pounds' worth of gold bricks was a treasure worth finding—and also, as Mr. Gielgud proves, worth writing about.

The author of "October House" is to be congratulated on the creation of a real character in Mme. Petronia, "psychic card-reader and palmist, mediumistic and scientific adviser of the past, present, and future"; and he places her in circumstances singular enough to test all her capacities to the full.

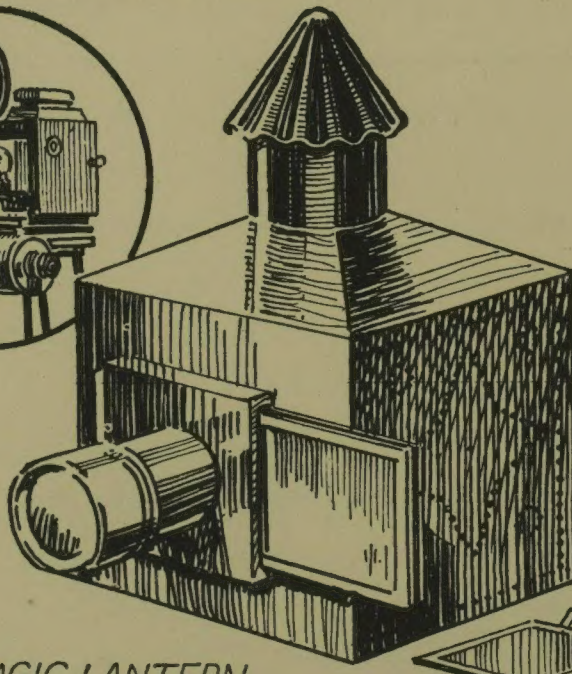
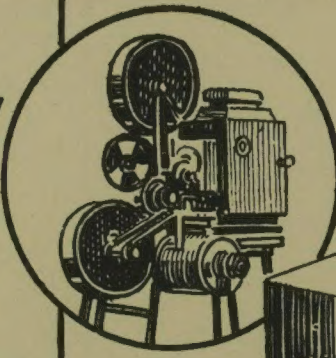


MR. VAL GIELGUD,
AUTHOR OF "IMPERIAL
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- - A Page for the Epicure. - -

WITH another season already upon us, the gastronomic education of London goes on apace. The time-worn theory that roast beef or a grill are the specialities of most London restaurants is rapidly being discredited. Never has the English epicure been confronted by such a varied or cosmopolitan array of culinary *chefs-d'œuvre* as is at present to be found in that square mile bounded by Jermyn Street, Clarges Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, and Soho Square.

For instance, what more can one ask than a "Cotelette Kievsky" as served at Kasbek, the new Russian restaurant in Jermyn Street? This succulent morsel of chicken, folded like a pancake and filled with

the long French windows overlooking the trees and the Adam houses of one of London's oldest squares provide a charming setting in which to try such delicacies as "Suprême de Sole Maître Enrico," and "Cailles en pâte à la façon de Maître Albert," two specialities which go extremely well together. The sole, garnished with lobster, mushrooms, and prawns, is served with a thin lobster-sauce, and the quails are stuffed with foie gras and truffles and covered



AN INTIMATE LITTLE RESTAURANT WITHOUT MUSIC:
IN THE CAFÉ DIVAN, CLARGES STREET.

with sauce Périgourdine. To round off such a meal appropriately is a problem, but Bellometti has the solution—a really original sweet which he calls "Pêche fraîche Lucullus." This is made of fresh peaches, stuffed with walnuts, violets, and grated chocolate flambé, and served with hot chocolate-sauce.

CAFÉ DIVAN

AND NEW CLARGES
RESTAURANT
CLARGES ST., MAYFAIR, W.1

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Close by, in Church Street, is Kettner's, a restaurant with a reputation dating from Edwardian days. The Louis XV. decoration lends the series of rooms exactly the right atmosphere in which to appreciate the fine French cooking. Here I recommend "Poulet Sauté Maison," a pleasant dish of chicken, cooked with truffles, potatoes, artichokes, and a drop of brandy

Madeira, served with cheese straws. For those who like to finish their meal with a savoury, I suggest "Barquette Kettner's." This is made of boat-shaped puff-paste, filled with chopped mushrooms, cooked in brandy and cream, and coated with cheese sauce. Another speciality of Kettner's, and a particularly good dish for lunch in hot weather, is "Œuf Mollet Froid"—half a tomato stuffed with tunny-fish.

Another restaurant with a time-honoured reputation is Romano's, in the Strand. Right in the heart of theatre-land, this famous restaurant is an admirable place for dinner and supper, for, apart from a very versatile chef and a distinguished cellar, there is the added attraction at supper-time of the "Wonder Bar"

KETTNER'S for Cooking and Wines.



Church Street, W. 1

band, which comes across from the Savoy Theatre after the performance.

The Café Divan, in Clarges Street, on the other hand, is one of those intimate little restaurants without music which seem to be usurping the popularity of the Grand Babylon Hotel type. Here again it is a matter of personal attention, and really good food specially cooked for each individual order—a fact which is obvious if you order such things as "La volaille sautée à l'ancienne façon vallée d'Auge"—which is as good at the Café Divan as it is in Normandy, the land of its origin. I strongly recommend also their "Macedoine de Fruits"—which, although in appearance a perfectly simple fruit-salad, is quite one of the most palatable sweets I have had, having the full flavour of the freshest fruit. The wine list here also offers some interesting possibilities, including the rare 1919 Bollinger at a most reasonable price.

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